

THIS YEAR'S DERBY PHOTOGRAPHED.

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/6



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ORAMA	20,000	June 27	July 3	July 5
ORSOVA	12,036	July 25	July 31	Aug. 2
ORVIETO	12,133	Aug. 22	Aug. 28	Aug. 30
ORONSAY	20,000	Sept. 19	Sept. 25	Sept. 27
OSTERLEY	12,129	Oct. 3	Oct. 9	Oct. 11
ORMONDE	14,853	Oct. 17	Oct. 23	Oct. 25
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Nothing more than the regular application of La-rola is needed to keep the complexion soft and smooth, even when the wind is blowing its coldest. The emollient properties of

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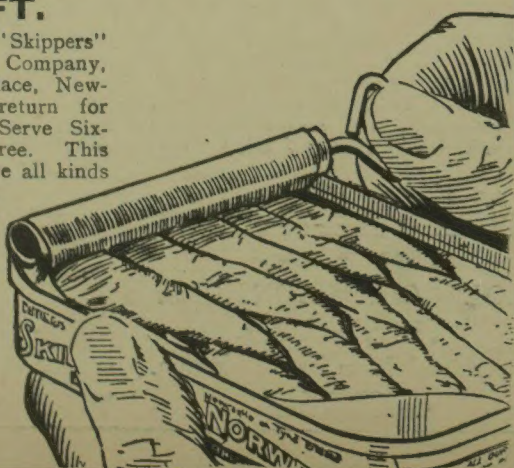
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Manufacturers: F. C. CALVERT & CO., MANCHESTER.

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NO man who smoked a pipe was ever wholly bad; your complete villain finds something too honest for his liking in a pipe. The better the tobacco, the more improving is the habit to mind and character. Three Nuns, for example, because it is blended only of the highest grades of leaf, slowly brought to maturity, creates a fragrant atmosphere in which mean thoughts cannot live. And because of its curious cut this good tobacco is cool in the smoking, slow in the burning, and altogether free from dust.

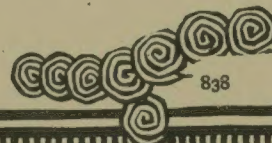
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King's Head is similar but a little fuller

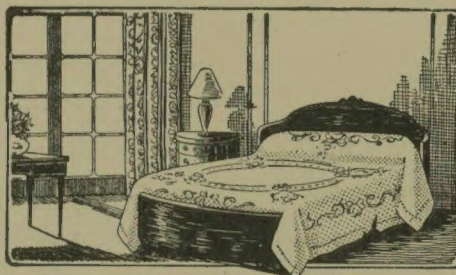
## THREE NUNS The Tobacco of Curious Cut

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Branch of the Imperial  
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Several new features have this year been introduced. Note particularly the **MODEL DE LUXE 'SILENS MESSOR'** Hand Lawn Mower, fitted with Ball Bearings, etc.

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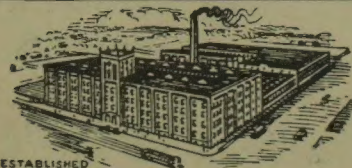
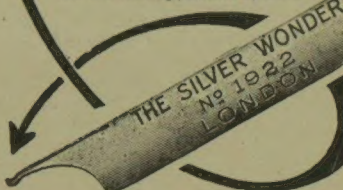
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No. 1922

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A new and most delightful Pen with a special  
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Mild, Sweet Old Virginia

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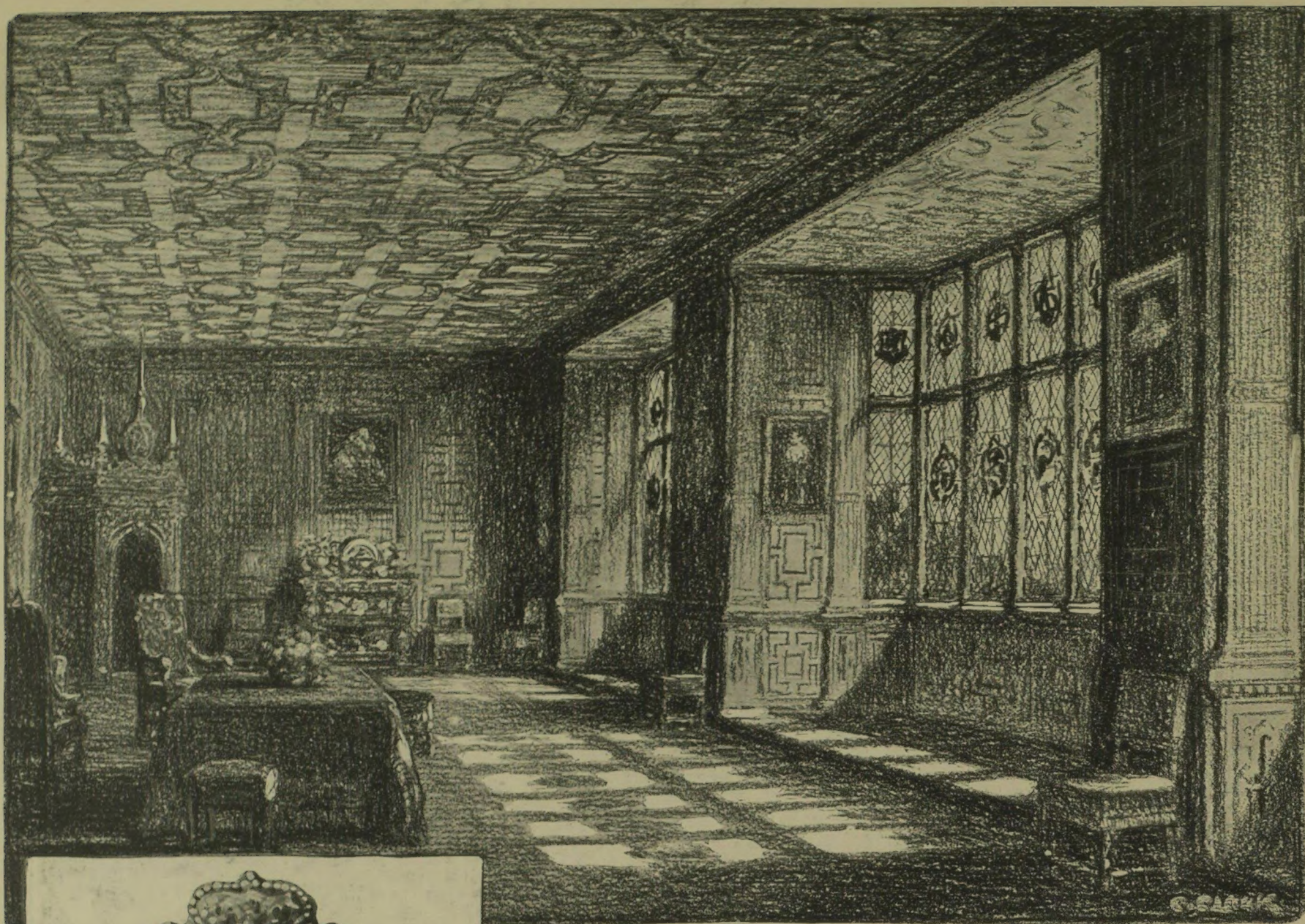
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*The Drawing Room, Broughton Castle, Oxfordshire.*

## The home of "Old Subtlety"

**I**MAGINE a mediæval fortress home, with stone walls sparsely windowed. Add to your picture another frontage of later times, with battlemented walls, gabled towers, arched Tudor windows and Elizabethan bays. Encompass the whole with a broad deep moat, and there to your view stands Broughton Castle, much as it has existed for centuries.

Visit the interior and gain a rare glimpse of an English home as it appeared six hundred years ago. Here still is the original armoury, the ancient chapel, the hospital with its traceried windows, the old stone vaulted dining room with its wonderful scroll panelling—all just as they were when William of Wykeham, Edward the Third's counsellor, bought the house for his sister. The grandson of this lady, Thomas Wickham, obtained a license from Henry IV. to crenellate the walls, and so the house became a castle. In an attic in Broughton Castle was brewed a storm destined to alter the history of Britain. Broughton was the home of Lord Saye, champion of political liberty in Stuart days, whose shrewd Parliamentary strategy gained him the name of "Old Subtlety." Here he assembled the nucleus of the Puritan Party—Pym, Hampden, Brooke and other malcontents—to perfect the plans which culminated in the Civil War and the death of King Charles. The same years which saw the downfall of the Royalists mark the first progress of John Haig Scotch Whisky towards the universal estimation it has now attained, a position due to the ever-present excellence of quality and consistent maturity during the whole 300 years' history of this famous whisky.



*Wall Sconce, late 17th century. These were made in silver, brass and gilded lead. Also they were often carved in wood and gilded over. Mirrors were sometimes used as backplates. Chandeliers were not used in England until the middle of the 18th century.*



*By Appointment.*

*Dye Ken*  
**John Haig?**



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1925.

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**THE KING LAYS THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW LLOYD'S: HIS MAJESTY, WITH THE QUEEN AND PRINCE HENRY, LISTENING TO THE CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS RECALLING THE ROMANTIC STORY OF A GREAT INSTITUTION.**

On May 23 the King, who was accompanied by the Queen and Prince Henry, laid the foundation stone of the new Lloyd's, which is to arise on the site formerly occupied by the old East India House, between Lime Street and Leadenhall Street. In reply to the Chairman his Majesty said: "I have been impressed, as everyone must be, by the extraordinary and romantic history of Lloyd's, outlined in your address, and by its evolution from an ordinary seventeenth-century coffee-

house to the great public and international institution familiar to us all." The King also recalled that we owe the Lifeboat Service to Lloyd's, that the National Gallery began with pictures collected by a famous chairman of that body, and that Lloyd's has rendered "inestimable service to the country" in time of war. Prayers were said by the Bishop of London, who is seen in the photograph. On page 1045 we illustrate historic relics at Lloyd's, and designs for the new building.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I SEE that a distinguished man of science has been making a statement not merely to the effect that Freud is a mistaken thinker, but to the effect that the subconsciousness is a myth. Whoever may be right about these things, the history of them seems to follow a rather curious course. First we have a general idea, often very old and perhaps very vague; and afterwards, when it breaks up into suggestions, very varied. Then we have one particular suggestion identified with the whole idea. Then we have the particular suggestion disputed. Then we have the whole idea disputed. That is what has happened to evolution and Darwin; that is what seems to be happening to psycho-analysis and Freud.

Many young people to-day have probably grown up with the idea that Freud discovered the subconsciousness, just as many of my generation grew up with the idea that Darwin invented the theory of evolution. Perhaps it is not surprising, seeing that some people still really believe that Galileo invented the theory that the earth goes round the sun. Science is ever moving onward; and we may end up on a flat earth for all I know. But anyhow, because the thesis of Copernicus seems now to be safely established, the claims of Copernicus can be safely ignored. Not to mention the claims of Cusa, the mediæval Cardinal who threw out the theoretical suggestion long before Copernicus, let alone Galileo. Perhaps if ever the new astronomy comes to dispute the heliocentric theory altogether, these old astronomers will be remembered again, and will be called up to share in the new condemnation of Galileo. Poor Cardinal Cusa, having never shared the credit, will be allowed to share the discredit. But for the present I confess I do not think it likely that science will dispute the existence of the Solar System. It may be my Victorian limitations, and the prejudice of my nineteenth-century origin, but it does not seem to me very probable that even the new mathematics will prove that the earth goes round the moon. We have not got quite so far as that yet.

But the point for the moment is that, when such a theory does run such a course, the course is a rather curious one. As I say, many are now young enough to think that Freud and the subconsciousness came into the world together. I am old enough to remember that nearly everybody talked about subconsciousness when nobody had ever heard of Freud. When I was a boy professors were burrowing in it, especially in that tunnel that may or may not connect the psychological with the psychical. The psychological generally called it the subconsciousness. The psychical generally preferred to call it the subliminal consciousness. Even as a modern theory it is older than I am. As a general idea it is older still—perhaps even as old as the world-old idea of evolution.

We all know that actions were called unconscious even before they were called subconscious. And those who so described them obviously meant to imply an unconscious mind, even if they did not call it a subconscious mind. When they said in an ordinary novel, "Raymond Fitzgargoyle walked mechanically towards the door of the Secret Chamber," they did not mean that Raymond had actually and literally become a clockwork figure. They knew that it requires some mind to walk towards any chamber, however secret. When they said in ordinary conversation, "I had put the diamond necklace in my pocket before I knew what I was doing," they did not mean that no psychological process went on during the action; they did not

mean that a man doing it had been wound up to do it like a clock.

So it was both with vaguer and deeper things. All sorts of poetry and popular fiction had always implied the idea that it was possible to have an undercurrent of thought or passion besides the superficial one. Half the love stories in the world have been about a man who was in love with a woman without knowing it; or about a woman who consciously hated and subconsciously loved. That idea is at least as old as "Much Ado About Nothing," and probably much older. The idea had not been systematised, and it may be quite right that it should be systematised, though preferable that it should be systematised right. And, as I say, some scientific people are now saying that it is being systematised wrong. But,

horrible protuberances were all horns. We should not talk about a dog putting his nose into things, unless we thought that it bore some general resemblance to our own private nose, whatever differences might appear on a closer inspection. We should simply say that the dog stuck out at one end in a particular manner. That vague evolutionary idea, a brooding sense of the brotherhood of all things, is implied in all our relations to animals. Nevertheless, there is all the difference between having this idea consciously and having it unconsciously. Sages from the old pagan days downwards had often had it consciously. Thinkers have advanced various ingenious theories about how the variation might have come about. Darwin was only one thinker who advanced one theory; and the theory that he advanced has now more or less retired.



LEADER OF "THE LITTLE MIGHTY FORCE THAT STOOD FOR ENGLAND" WHEN THE WAR BEGAN: THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL THE EARL OF YPRES.

The Earl of Ypres, who underwent a severe operation in March, and died at Deal Castle on May 22, will go down to history as the first leader of our "contemptible little Army" in France. On being superseded in 1915, Sir John French (as he then was) became Commander-in-Chief of the troops in the United Kingdom, and was raised to the Peerage as Viscount French. In May 1918 he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and received the Earldom on his retirement in May 1921. In 1923 he was made Captain of Deal Castle. Lord Ypres was born in 1852, the son of Commander J. T. W. French, R.N., of Roscommon, who had settled in Kent. He began his career in the Navy, and served in it for four years before transferring to the Army in 1874. Ten years later he fought in the Sudan. His greatest military success was his brilliant command of the Cavalry in the South African War, which earned him a Knighthood and promotion to Lieut.-General. In 1912 he became Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and in the following year was made a Field-Marshal. His book on the Great War, entitled "1914," raised much military controversy. A full-page portrait of Lord Ypres appeared in our issue of April 4 last.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]

however that may be, the notion has long existed as a notion, and especially as an implication.

For that matter, there was something of the same implication in the relation of the popular mind to evolution. Some dim idea of a possible kinship with the beasts, on the bodily side, is really implied in using the same terms for the beast and for the body. We should not call a cow's legs legs at all, if we did not recognise some association of the kind. We should regard the cow as a monster whose

Indeed, the one great example of evolution is evolution. The transformist theory itself did go through a number of transformations rather of its own type. It did rise from a rude and wandering thing to a specialised and complex thing. There never was what Grant Allen called the evolution of the idea of God. But there really was the evolution of the idea of evolution. And now it has reached an extraordinary climax which is not without a potentiality of complete collapse. An eminent Frenchman of science has recently announced, in a tone of icy indifference, that all the facts contradict all the theories of evolution; not merely natural selection, but all other evolutionary suggestions that could be made. He announces in a placid manner that we now know nothing whatever about the origin of man and animals.

And now, as I say, we have on top of this the rumour of exactly the same climax or collapse in the case of the recent theory about the subconscious mind. First we had the unconscious idea of unconsciousness. We had the vague popular idea implied in talking about things done unconsciously. Then we had a vast amount of superficial fuss, combined with a certain amount of serious fame, attaching to particular professors who had made particular discoveries. In the light of the case of Professor Freud, as in that of Professor Einstein, I now know quite well what really happened in the case of natural selection as propounded, for instance, by Professor Huxley. There was a burst and buzz of talk in all the drawing-rooms; and the drawing-rooms had adopted Darwinism before they had heard what it was. Darwin and Huxley were great men, but they were not boomed because they were great men, but because it was great fun. So psycho-analysis is boomed because it is great fun. Then suddenly appears the psychologist who says it is great foolery. And then, as the climax of the whole curious process, comes another psychologist who says that the whole notion of subconsciousness is a myth.

It is a process which I watch from the outside, and with respectful indifference. I do not pretend to know who is right when the doctors disagree. Einstein's mathematics may be correct; Freud's psychology may be all your fancy paints it; Darwin's natural selection may be right after all, for all I have any scientific authority to pronounce of them. But watching these events from the outside I do note that curious round of intellectual destiny, from the general admission to the general denial. I notice that the wheel in some sense comes full circle; and, being constituted like Toddy, I take a pleasure in seeing the wheels go round.

## OUR ANAGLYPHS.

Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 1041, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland) or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.



# FROM COFFEE-HOUSE TO CITY "PALACE": THE ROMANCE OF LLOYD'S.

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1, 2, 3, 4, AND 6 BY HUMPHREY JOEL. THE OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS BY COURTESY OF SIR EDWIN COOPER, F.R.I.B.A.



1. A NELSON RELIC AT LLOYD'S: THE NELSON PLATE, BENEATH A PICTURE OF THE FRIGATE "LUTINE."



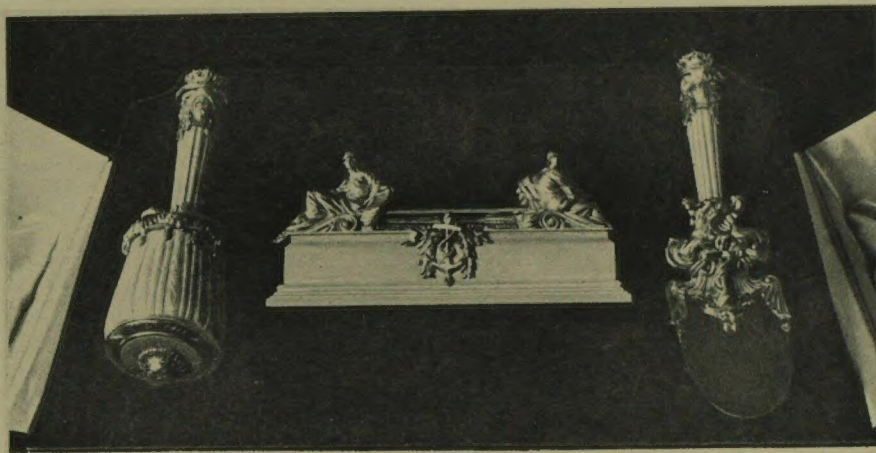
2. A SUNKEN TREASURE-SHIP'S BELL RUNG AT LLOYD'S TO ANNOUNCE THE LOSS OF A SHIP OR NEWS OF ONE OVERDUE: THE FAMOUS "LUTINE" BELL.



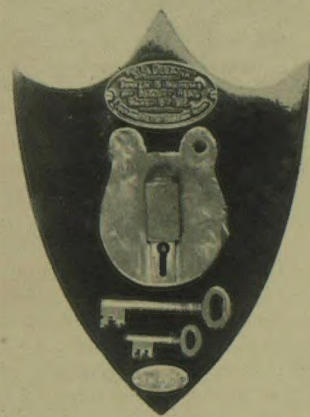
3. RINGING THE "LUTINE" BELL AT LLOYD'S: THE "CALLER" ANNOUNCING IMPORTANT NEWS TO THE MEMBERS.



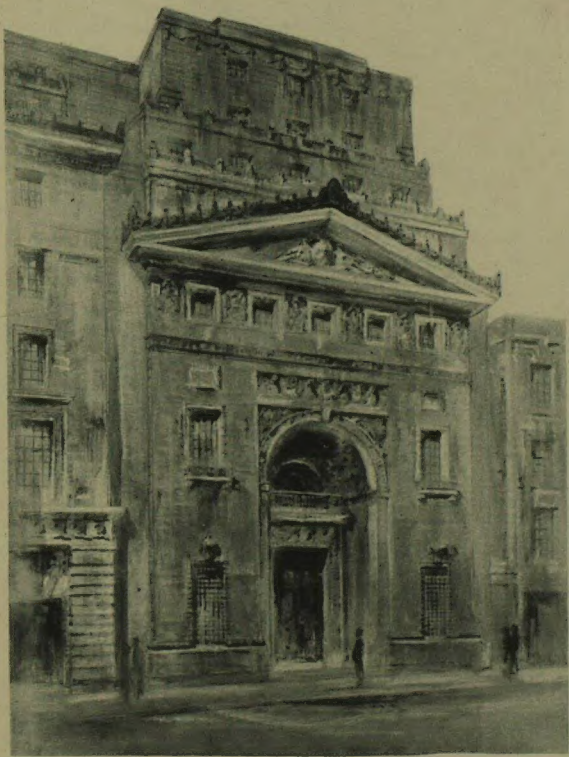
4. MADE FROM THE WOOD OF THE "LUTINE'S" RUDDER: THE CHAIRMAN'S "LUTINE" CHAIR.



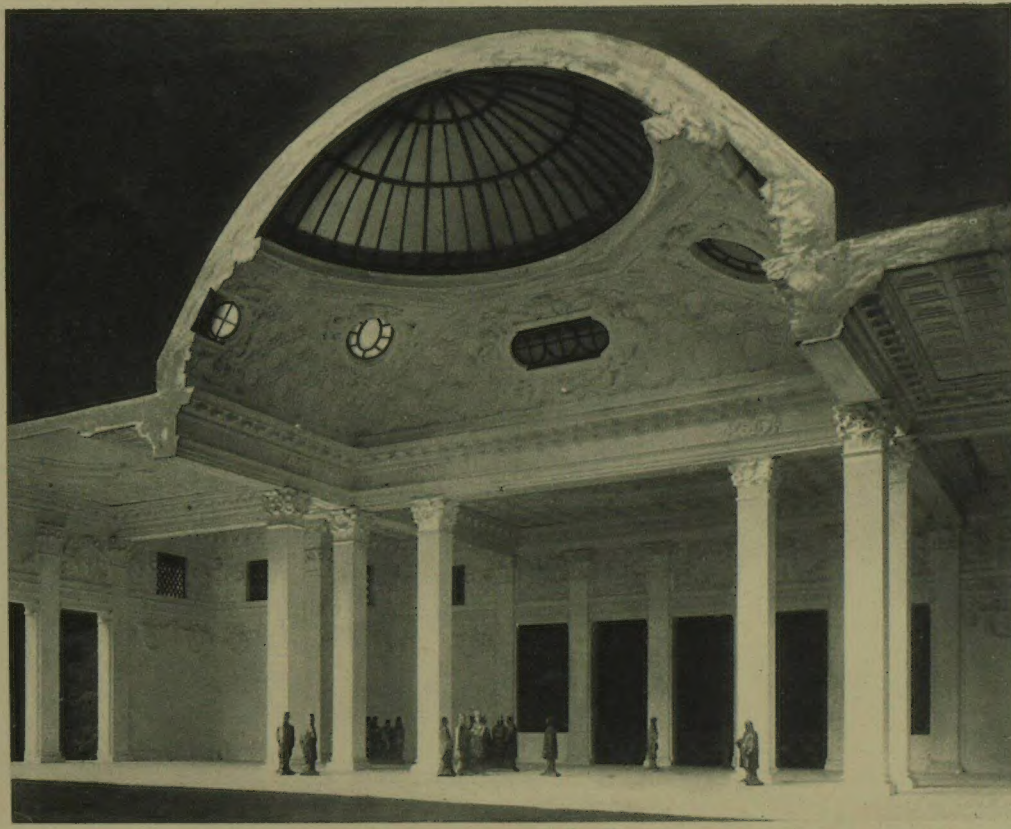
5. USED BY THE KING TO LAY THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW LLOYD'S: THE MALLET, TROWEL, AND SPIRIT-LEVEL DESIGNED BY SIR EDWIN COOPER, WITH SCULPTURE BY C. L. J. DOMAN.



6. A RELIC OF SS. "OCEANA," SUNK IN 1912 OFF BEACHY HEAD: LOCK AND KEYS OF THE BULLION ROOM.



7. AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED: THE LEADENHALL STREET ENTRANCE OF THE NEW LLOYD'S—A DRAWING BY THE ARCHITECT, SIR EDWIN COOPER.



8. "THE ROOM" AS IT WILL BE IN THE NEW LLOYD'S: A MODEL OF SIR EDWIN COOPER'S DESIGN FOR THE GREAT HALL, OR UNDERWRITING ROOM (160 FT. SQUARE) "THE MECCA OF ALL THE HABITUÉS OF LLOYD'S"—DIVIDED TO SHOW ONE SIDE OF THE INTERIOR.

The great marine underwriting institution known as Lloyd's takes its name from Edward Lloyd, the owner of a little seventeenth-century coffee-house where the business originated. In 1688 it stood in Tower Street; in 1692 it was removed to Lombard Street, and in 1770 to Pope's Head Alley. It was a haunt of sailors and merchants, for whose benefit Lloyd collected and circulated shipping news, publishing a sheet which was the origin of "Lloyd's List." For the last 150 years Lloyd's has been housed in the Royal Exchange, but, the accommodation there having become too small, it was decided recently to erect a great new building, from the design of Sir Edwin Cooper, on the site of the old East India House.

The King laid the foundation-stone on May 23, as noted on our front page, where we illustrate the ceremony. The relics shown above are at present at the Royal Exchange. The Nelson plate was presented to Nelson by Lloyd's during his life and was lately bought back. The British frigate "Lutine" was lost off an entrance to the Zuyder Zee on the night of October 9, 1799, with a cargo of coin and specie valued at £1,217,000. Much was recovered. Her bell is rung by the "caller" at Lloyd's whenever news is received of an overdue ship, or when definite news of the loss of a ship arrives. At its sound, all business is suspended until the message has been delivered.



## "ONE NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT": THE ART—AND DECAY—OF AJANTA.

"MY PILGRIMAGES TO AJANTA AND BAGH." By SRI MUKUL CHANDRA DEY.\*

THE story goes that once the gods and goddesses, tired of the monotony of heaven, and desiring to refresh themselves with a little excitement, begged leave to go down to earth for one night to enjoy themselves. So earnestly did they entreat Indra, God of Heaven, that in compassion he granted their request, with the condition, however, that they should return before the cock's first crow, otherwise they would be shut out from heaven for ever.

Then the gods and goddesses came down swiftly to the earth, dancing and singing for joy, and no sooner did they see the splendid gorge near Ajanta than they chose it for the site of their one night's entertainment. Busily they hollowed out of the hillside halls and chambers and so thoroughly enjoyed themselves that they forgot the time limit; but, alas, they were startled by the cock's crow, and the King of Heaven's curse fell upon them, and so they transformed themselves into beautiful sculptures and paintings. Never again could they return to heaven, but were forced to remain on earth for ever."

That is the legend.

In reality, this ancient Sangha, this "colony for the worship of the Lord Buddha," the most remarkable of monastic Universities—sanctuaries and cells cut in the living rock—can be dated more or less precisely, and is the creation not of a night, but of the distant years—"from a little before the reign of the great Buddhist Emperor of India, Asoka (272-231 B.C.), to just before the expulsion of Buddhism from India, about 600 A.D. to 700 A.D."

The manner of the making was this.

The first two of the twenty-nine caves excavated were those now numbered 10 and 9, and they were used as chaityas—"chaitya" means the buildings used by Buddhist monks for united worship. A dome-shaped Buddhist shrine, called 'stupa,' containing relics, occupies the place of the altar in all the four chaityas of Ajanta, and it is the most sacred of all." As necessary accessories came the biharas, the living quarters for the priests, the monks, students, and pilgrims. "Bihara" means a Buddhist monastery. Each of these consists of a central hall with small cells opening into it and a great sanctuary on its longest side, just opposite the main door entrance, with pillared aisles, nave, baranda and cells."

The labour entailed must have been infinite, although advantage was taken of the caverns and recesses "occupied by holy men long before the days of Buddha"; but it is certain that the monks had much outside aid, help that was entirely and essentially Indian. "The noble and rich people of that date made generous donations and the best professional masons and artists were employed to hew out temples and decorate the interiors with paintings. Out to the gorge came hundreds of craftsmen, labourers and artists, with paints, hammers and chisels, borne by processions of elephants, and a hubbub arose in the depths of the ravine at Ajanta. . . . These caves of the first group were not all completed at one time, as the monks, who loved peace, could not abide the noisy working men and the clamour of the building operations while they were living in the monasteries. It was only during the two seasons, the hot and the rainy, that the monks did not go out to the villages to preach and to beg their food. In the other more favourable seasons—about eight or nine months in the year—they and their disciples were scattered over various

parts of the country, and only met together again for about three months. During the hot and wet seasons they were accustomed to take shelter at headquarters in these monasteries, to discuss schemes for various works of piety and charity in the next year." And so, in course of time, came into being "one of the great monuments in the art of the world," an exuberance of painting and sculpture lit into life each day by the rays of the dying sun.

Few Europeans have seen this wonder; fewer still will visit it. "In the heart of the lonely Bindha Hills, in the State of Hyderabad," it is difficult of

the people collect what is left of the honey to sell in the market. I had unconsciously enacted the part of the honey-gatherers," laments the author, "and the bees smelling the fumes of my petrol lamp, thought their enemies were near and began to come down. All I could do was to run, for if attacked they were most deadly, and it is said that sometimes they are so poisonous that the sting of one is enough to kill an elephant."

And there are other reasons for abstinence. Mr. Dey was harassed and handicapped at every turn when he was exploring or copying; harassed by bat and owl smells so nauseating that in one case he had to go out each quarter of an hour to breathe the fresh air; handicapped by a lack of light that forced the use of a lamp. He found, also, that the devastating hand of Time and the ravaging iconoclasm of man had not ceased their fell deeds. Damp, the swollen stream, falling rocks, earthquakes, neglect, are doing their worst. Bats, owls, swallows, pigeons and wild parrots have fouled the paintings and the carvings. Insects have bitten deep. "Human beings, civilised and uncivilised, such as Sadhus and Sanyasis, have cooked their meals and made their fires in the caves, till the smoke has blackened their walls. Visitors have scratched and scribbled their names, and European visitors have cut away pieces of the frescoes or tried to do so. An interesting fragment of fresco about a foot square, showing portions of various figures, probably part of a Jataka scene from cave 16, dating from about the fifth century A.D., was removed and brought to England . . . and a few years ago was put up for auction at Sotheby's sale rooms in New Bond Street, where it fetched £1000."

Another trouble came of excellent intentions. "From time to time, British official artists, who were engaged in copying the frescoes, varnished them with the very cheapest kind of varnish, and as a result, the paintings have grown blacker day by day, almost to the point of a dead black and ruination; for when the varnish dried up, the plaster on the walls cracked, and the outer films of the paintings peeled off."

The state was bad enough when the caves were rediscovered in 1819, by a British officer, retired from the Madras Army, who was hunting tigers. It is now deplorable, and, although there are certain cases of remarkable preservation, they but prove the rule. Nothing, apparently, can be done. At Bagh, in Gwalior State, in the District of Malwa, it is even more depressing. When the writer visited the caves there—by motor-bus and tanga!—he found the paintings and the walls and ceilings terribly injured by soot from the fires of centuries of "holy fathers," and damage done by beasts and birds—to say nothing of "bombardment at the hands of the shepherd boys in the fields, who let fly stones from their catapults in order to disturb tigers and see them rush out of the caves."

It is well, therefore, that there should have been those to copy and describe before the swing of the scythe has completed its circle. Mr. Mukul Dey has joined a goodly company and is one of the best of them; as he will be one of the most popular. So eager was he in his pursuit of knowledge that, living in poverty, and "sketching portraits for a very few rupees each," he scraped together some two hundred and fifty rupees that he might make his first journey; and, at length, rather over two hundred pounds, that he might achieve the second. His was the spirit of the true pilgrim. His pious perseverance was repaid. His book should enable him to reap worldly reward.

E. H. G.

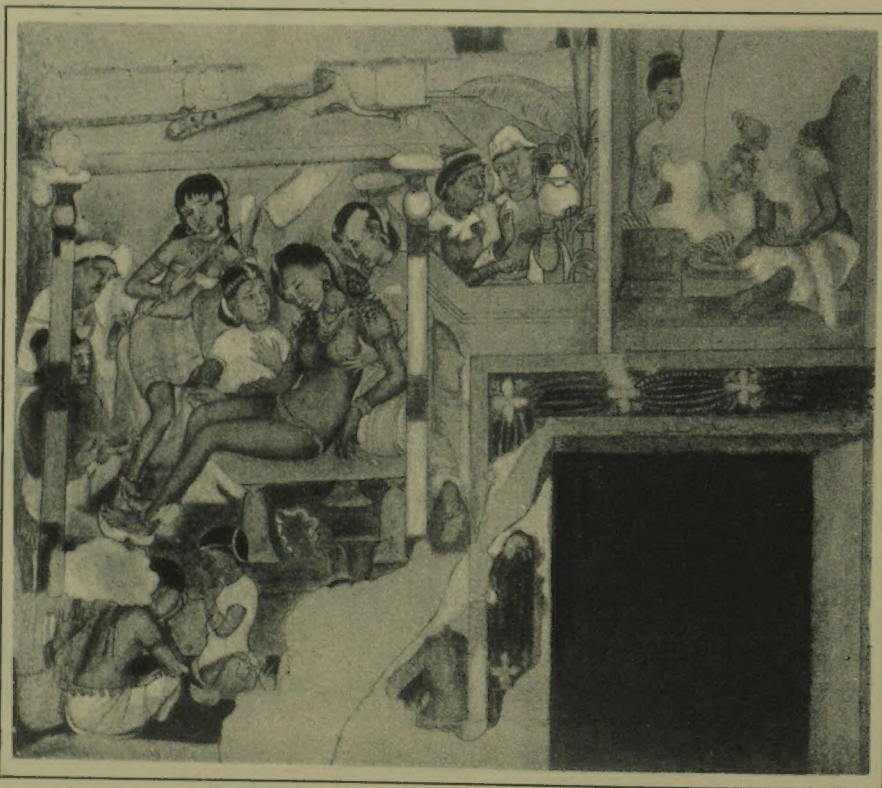


IN CAVE 10, ONE OF THE FIRST TWO EXCAVATED (BETWEEN THE THIRD AND SECOND CENTURY B.C.): A PAINTING OF "A KING, QUEEN, AND PRINCESS, WITH WOMEN ATTENDANTS."

From the Author's Copy in the Oriental Department of the British Museum. Reproduced from "My Pilgrimages to Ajanta and Bagh," by Courtesy of the Author, Sri Mukul Chandra Dey, and the Publishers, Thornton Butterworth, Ltd.

approach. Even Mr. Mukul Dey, artist and enthusiast as he is, found the way troublesome, the train journey tiring, the springless, pony-drawn tanga a bringer of gripping pain. Plague, too, may be a menace, and cholera. And to such things must be

showing portions of various figures, probably part of a Jataka scene from cave 16, dating from about the fifth century A.D., was removed and brought to England . . . and a few years ago was put up for auction at Sotheby's sale rooms in New Bond Street,



A TEMPERA WALL-PAINTING IN THE ANCIENT MONASTIC UNIVERSITY AT AJANTA: "A DYING PRINCESS"—IN CAVE 16, ONE OF THE GROUP DATING FROM ABOUT THE BIRTH OF CHRIST TO THE FIFTH OR SIXTH CENTURY A.D.

Reproduced from "My Pilgrimages to Ajanta and Bagh," by Courtesy of the Author, Sri Mukul Chandra Dey, and the Publishers, Thornton Butterworth, Ltd.

added risks from snakes and panthers, tigers and wolves—and bees. "There are many combs of wild bees hanging on the roof of these caves. Once a year the village people come to collect honey. They gather a special kind of leaf from certain jungle trees, and making a fire of them create a smoke which worries the bees. They are so sensitive to the smell of the smoke that at once they try to eat up their honey, and millions of them, producing a dark cloud, fly miles away to avoid the smell. Then

\* "My Pilgrimages to Ajanta and Bagh." By Sri Mukul Chandra Dey. With an Introduction by Laurence Binyon. Illustrated. (Thornton Butterworth, Ltd.; 21s. net.)



## THE GLORY OF AJANTA'S MONASTIC UNIVERSITY: CAVE 26.

REPRODUCED FROM "MY PILGRIMAGES TO AJANTA AND BAGH," BY COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR, SRI MUKUL CHANDRA DEY, AND THE PUBLISHERS, THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, LTD.



PROBABLY SEEN BY HEUEN TSANG IN 640 A.D.: THE FAÇADE OF THE MOST RECENT CHAITYA CHAPEL  
(OF THE GROUP OF "CAVES" BUILT BETWEEN THE FOURTH AND SEVENTH CENTURIES A.D.).

The magnificent chaitya that is numbered 26 is one of the four completed chaitya chapels of the twenty-nine caves at Ajanta, and, like the other chaityas, was used by the Buddhist monks for united worship. It is the last finished shrine, and belongs to the most elaborate of the four groups (between the fourth and seventh centuries A.D.). "It nobly terminates the western hill, and is faced and lit by the rising sun, and must have been used therefore especially for morning prayers. Probably the great Chinese pilgrim, Heuen Tsang, visited it in the year 640 A.D. The lower part of the façade is broken away by the fall of rocks above or possibly

through an earthquake. But, round the arched-window it is still perfect, covered chiefly with figures of Buddha. Over the porch there was once a music gallery which must have extended the whole way across, although this is most unusual in the temples at Ajanta." This chaitya is nearly sixty-eight feet in length, thirty-six in breadth, and thirty-one feet in height from the centre of the nave to the roof. "In this last group of caves . . . sculpture took a more prominent place than painting, for it always happens that painting appears in the world earlier than sculpture."



# INDIAN ART AT AJANTA: A RELIQUARY; SCULPTURE; A PAINTED CEILING.

REPRODUCED FROM "MY PILGRIMAGES TO AJANTA AND BAGH," BY COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR, SRI MUKUL CHANDRA DEY, AND THE PUBLISHERS, THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, LTD.



SHOWING THE SACRED STUPA, THE SHRINE CONTAINING RELICS, IN THE CENTRE THE INTERIOR OF CAVE 9, A CHAITYA (BETWEEN THE THIRD AND SECOND CENTURY B.C.).



OF THE GROUP IN WHICH SCULPTURE DOMINATES OVER PAINTING: A DOOR INTO THE RIGHT AISLE OF CAVE 26 (BETWEEN THE FOURTH AND SEVENTH CENTURY A.D.).



PROBABLY BUILT BETWEEN 375—413 A.D.: THE BARANDA (VERANDAH) OF CAVE 17; SHOWING THE PAINTED CEILING.



IN THE MOST RECENT SHRINE: PILLARS ON THE LEFT OF CAVE 26, A CHAITYA CHAPEL NEARLY SIXTY FEET IN LENGTH.

The first caves excavated in the Ajanta hillside were those now numbered 9 and 10; and No. 9 was the second. They were chaityas—chapels for united worship—and date from "about the time of Asoka, between the third and second century B.C. No. 9 is about half the size of No. 10, and measures forty-five feet long by twenty-three feet wide and twenty-three feet high. The wooden canopy that once surmounted the reliquary perished very many years ago.—Cave 26 belongs

to the group excavated between the fourth and seventh centuries A.D., and was a chaitya chapel. As is noted on the preceding page, sculpture dominates over painting.—Cave 17 contains hundreds of painted scenes, and was a monastery hall.—In Cave 26, "twenty-six pillars surround the nave, and run round the stupa at the back, richly and delicately carved. . . . The aisle walls, instead of being painted, were covered with huge sculptures."



# AJANTA'S TWO-STOREYED CAVE AND AN ARCHITECTURAL TRIUMPH.

REPRODUCED FROM "MY PILGRIMAGES TO AJANTA AND BAGH," BY COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR, SRI MUKUL CHANDRA DEY, AND THE PUBLISHERS, THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, LTD.



THE ONLY TWO-STOREYED BIHARA CAVE AT AJANTA, DATING FROM 450 A.D. TO 550 A.D.: THE FAÇADE OF THE LOWER STOREY OF CAVE 6.



"ONE OF THE GREAT ARCHITECTURAL TRIUMPHS OF THE WORLD": THE WONDERFULLY LIT CAVE 19, WITH ITS GORGEOUS STUPA WITH A BAS-RELIEF OF A STANDING BUDDHA (OF THE GROUP DATING FROM ABOUT THE BIRTH OF CHRIST TO THE FIFTH AND SIXTH CENTURY A.D.).

"This bihara cave 6 is the only one at Ajanta which has two storeys, but has, unfortunately, been excavated in a spot where the rock is not so sound as in other places. In consequence of this, the baranda [verandah] of the upper storey has fallen down, and the interior has a damp and ruined aspect not common in cave architecture. The halls of both storeys are of about the same dimensions, fifty-three feet square.—No. 19 was a chaitya, the only one in the second group of excavations, which date from about the

birth of Christ to the fifth or sixth century A.D. It is about twenty-four feet wide by forty-six feet long and twenty-four feet high. The gorgeous stupa, the relic-containing shrine, has a fine bas-relief of a standing Buddha. The lighting is remarkable. "The daylight introduced through one great opening in the façade throws a brilliant light on the altar, the principal object, and also upon the capitals of the pillars, exactly where it is most wanted. The spectator himself stands in the shade."



# PERSONAL PORTRAITS—BY WALTER TITTLE. SIR ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS.

I WELL remember, when I was quite a youngster, the popularity of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Rupert of Hentzau." Their chief interest to me at the time was in the brilliant illustration by Gibson, romantic and heroic as the text itself, with early representations of the handsome types of young manhood and womanhood that I verily believe were later stamped to a considerable degree upon our race itself. The assiduity with which contemporary youth strove to resemble these gods and goddesses apparently had its effect. The "Dolly Dialogues" brought to light one of Mr. Gibson's many successful disciples with what is probably the best work he ever achieved, and various ramifications of the original impulse, good and bad, are still with us. It was Mr. Max Eastman, I believe, who made the clever remark that the success of Mr. Gibson's famous girl could be reduced to a law: the attraction of the male to the female is in direct proportion to the distance between the female eye and eyebrow! This vividly recalls the considerable separation of those two features in the earlier Gibson girls. But I must return to Zenda.

The work of Anthony Hope had effects upon contemporary writing as far-reaching as that of his illustrator on graphic art. It was from the mouth of Mr. Meredith Nicholson, I believe, that I first noticed the classification, "the Zenda school" of novel, and a wholesome, pleasure-giving school it was.

In this over-sophisticated day it is frequently scoffed at; but from some of the unhealthy product, with no literary merit to excuse it, that has since been so widely consumed, a return to this delightful fairyland would be a boon to Society.

Wending one's way along a typical street of the Bloomsbury section of London, one is likely to think it a rather unromantic spot for the domicile of that delightful romancer, Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins. As the street opens into an old square, it seems to realise that it is incumbent upon it to make some concessions. Suddenly the houses take on the distinction and quaintness of an earlier time. Beyond the square, the same thoroughfare takes the name of Gower Street, and the transformation is quite

complete. Romance is here, but not the romance of sword, cuirass, and doublet. Rather of crinoline, or even of powdered perukes.

Number Fourteen is our destination. On entering the attractive door one has at once a vista of leafy gardens at the back. This lovely row of dwellings is favoured by a private park which, on this sunny summer day, was dotted with a considerable quota of the fortunate residents. The sunshine contrasted sharply with the cosy, sombre interior of eighteenth-century flavour.

How well Sir Anthony harmonised with it! He was waiting for me in the back parlour; powdered wig and satin breeches only were lacking to com-

plete the illusion of a picturesque time that has passed. His colourful skin and merry blue eyes are those of the old-fashioned English country gentleman; and an artist wishing to portray this type could not find features better moulded for his purpose. The brown hair of his early photographs has receded from its former position, and what remains at back and sides is turning grey.

His greeting was most kindly and cordial. As I worked he asked me about New York, and indulged in reminiscences of times that he had spent there. A recent visit to London of his old friend Dana Gibson had revived pleasant memories.

"I have always loved America, and some of my happiest times were spent there," he said. "My wife is an American, you know. It was so good to see Dana again, and Mrs. Gibson. What a delightful woman she is; the loveliest of the Langhorne girls, I think. Lady Astor gave a party for them, which we attended. It was a treat to see these sisters together."

Lady Hawkins appeared from the garden as I was putting my last touches to the sketch, and made several solicitous suggestions, as wives are wont to do, when their husbands are being delineated. She proved to be a most merry and jovial person indeed, and there was much pleasant laughter over the teacups. We discovered friends in common in Rutland,

Vermont, which was her home. The pretty daughter of the family, a girl of twenty, possesses much of her attractive mother's vivacity, and, like so many girls of her age, has ambition to shine in the field of motion pictures. Before departure we again referred to my sketch, and from this a humorous and frank comparison of the features of all present arose. In grave burlesque I finally called attention to the pseudo-perfection of my own lineaments, laying particular stress upon my far from classic nose; whereupon my hostess, approaching with apparent intent to admire, snubbed it with her thumb. So the visit ended with hearty laughter, and I departed with cordial exhortations to come again to see them. WALTER TITTLE.

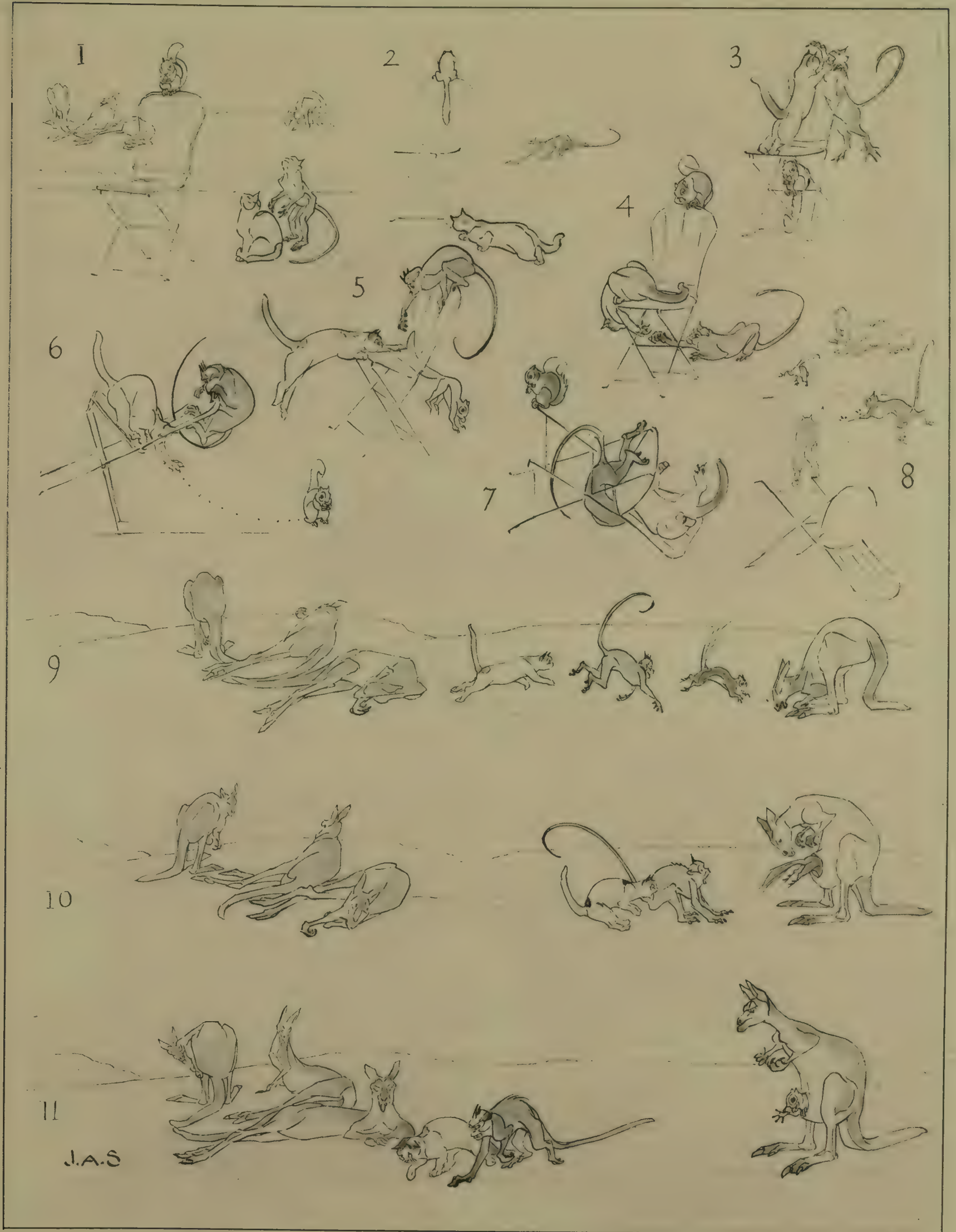


WALTER TITTLE'S PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS NOVELIST: SIR ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS ("ANTHONY HOPE").



# BLINX AND BUNDA: A TOUR ROUND THE "ZOO."—No. XII.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



## THE GREY SQUIRREL PROVES ELUSIVE, AND THE KANGAROO FINDS A NEW USE FOR HIS POUCH.

As we have seen on several previous occasions, there was always a grey squirrel hanging around and watching the proceedings of Blinx and Bunda with a large and inquisitive eye. At last it got on their nerves. One day Blinx said: "There are too many of these squirrels knocking about." "Agreed," said Bunda; "we will catch this one," and he suited the action to the word. But

it did not suit the squirrel, who proved more elusive than they expected. Just as they thought they had got him, he sought sanctuary in the Great Kangaroo's pouch, thus revealing a feature of that animal's anatomy which had escaped their observation. Blinx and Bunda retired hurt, and failed to bring home the ashes.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## GARDENS OF A "DAY": HAUNTS OF DELIGHT AT CHELSEA DOOMED TO AN EPHEMERAL EXISTENCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAPT. E. W. J. PAYNE, M.C.

ADMIRING BY THE  
QUEEN ON HER  
VISIT TO THE  
FLOWER SHOW  
AT CHELSEA:  
A CHARMING  
FORMAL GARDEN  
BY  
MESSRS. CARTER,  
WITH FOUNTAIN,  
STONEWORK,  
AND  
STATUARY.



THE BEAUTY OF  
STONE AND  
WATER IN  
ASSOCIATION  
WITH FLOWERING  
PLANTS:  
A SUNKEN  
GARDEN AND  
POOL DESIGNED  
BY  
MR. R. WINDER,  
AWARDED A  
SILVER CUP.



GAY WITH  
HYDRANGEAS  
AND  
RHODODENDRONS:  
A VIEW FROM  
THE OPPOSITE  
SIDE OF  
MESSRS. CARTER'S  
"FOUNTAIN  
GARDEN,  
WHICH WAS  
AWARDED A  
GOLD MEDAL.

THE CHARM OF  
GRASS, CRAZY  
PAVEMENT,  
AND ROCKERIES  
IN THE FORMAL  
GARDEN:  
AN ATTRACTIVE  
EXHIBIT BY  
MR. ERNEST  
DIXON  
AT THE  
CHELSEA SHOW."



The formal gardens in the Royal Horticultural Society's Flower Show in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital were, as usual, very fascinating and greatly admired. In describing them as "gardens of a day" we use the word "day," of course, in its looser sense, for, strictly speaking, the Show lasted this year for five days, from May 19 to 23 inclusive, instead of the customary three. Even that, however, is a sufficiently ephemeral period of existence for the results of so much care and preparation, and it seems a pity that such beautiful examples of the gardener's art should have to be so soon dismantled and uprooted, albeit they may be reconstructed elsewhere. The King and Queen were among the earliest visitors to Chelsea, and a beautiful full-page photograph, showing her

Majesty lingering beside a rock-pool, appeared in our last issue (for May 23). The photographs given above are not only delightful in themselves, but will doubtless afford valuable suggestions to many of our readers who possess facilities for making such gardens of their own. The autumn show of the Royal Horticultural Society will be held this year, on September 22, 23 and 24, at the Holland Park Rink. The Society also holds fortnightly shows all the year round at its Hall in Vincent Square, Westminster, where there will be special shows of vegetables and fruit on September 8, 29, and 30. The foundation of the Society took place in 1804, at a meeting called by Mr. John Wedgwood and held at Hatchards, the well-known booksellers, in Piccadilly.



## IN PERIL OF FALLING:



THE EARLIEST KNOWN PHYSICIAN:—  
IMHOTEP, CHIEF PHYSICIAN TO PHARAOH  
SESOTRI (5TH DYNASTY) HEALING THE KING'S SON.

## COMMON HUMANITY AND COMMON SENSE.

By G. K. Chesterton.

I HAVE been asked to make myself the voice of very many other people in appealing for further support for the Middlesex Hospital Reconstruction Scheme; and nobody could do so more willingly in the matter of sympathy or agreement with the social end in view. But I am conscious that many other people could probably do it with much more propriety and effect.

There are many who could speak with authority of the scientific aspect of the matter; there are many who could deal in detail with the historical and statistical matters involved; and I am not sure that anything so solid is best commended by whatever arts or crafts are supposed to be possessed by a journalist, sometimes politely described as a literary man. There are a great many strong reasons for saving the great English hospitals in this crisis of the history of England; but the best reason of all is one that is rather weakened by rhetoric. It is obvious; and we wish people to realise that it is obvious. We do not desire this human need to be treated as what is called a cause; which now means so often a fad. "I have no conscience in that sense," says the man in Mr. Bernard Shaw's play, "but I have a little sound common humanity and a little sound common sense." The distinction is typically modern, and therefore not really rational. But, as modern associations go, we do definitely desire that a thing like the care of the sick should be regarded as belonging to the latter order of ideas and not to the former. In the modern world a case of conscience always means a case of perplexed and doubtful conscience. We do not wish to talk of this duty as if it were perplexed and doubtful, but to talk of it as our fathers who founded the hospitals would have talked of it; as obviously and indisputably fulfilling the exact definition of good works. In short, to use the phrase I have quoted, we want it assumed that this sort of common humanity is merely common sense.

Perhaps there is no more practical way of expressing this than by invoking the intention of those fathers and founders, and considering what would have been their feelings on hearing that there was any doubt or even difficulty in the matter. The Middlesex Hospital was not one of the older hospitals, but dates from the more modern beginnings of our present medical science in the eighteenth century. But it was one of a great family of such institutions going back to the Middle Ages; and it was regarded in the England of the nineteenth century as part of an absolutely established social order. I have already explained why I do not think the real and Christian reason of such charity easy to urge with the enthusiasm it deserves, without that enthusiasm being nowadays mistaken for something else. We do not wish so much to make a man feel he is a sentimental martyr when he supports a hospital, as to make him feel he is a selfish brute when he does not. In other words, we want charity to continue to be a part of common morality, and not to be mixed up with complicated controversy. But, among the other reasons which it is easier to urge, none is more vital than this historical consideration touching a great tradition of England. If our immediate fathers had been told that the great English hospitals were failing for lack of funds, they would have been appalled. Perhaps they would not have understood all the circumstances, but they would have been astounded, in any case, that there could ever be such circumstances.



"SENILE DECAY" BESETS

THE OLD BUILDINGS OF MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL:  
THE DILAPIDATED STATE OF THE QUARTERS FOR  
THE NURSES, WHO ARE THEMSELVES CONTRIBUTING  
£500 TO THE RECONSTRUCTION SCHEME.

At the special meeting of the Governors of Middlesex Hospital, presided over by Prince Arthur of Connaught, when it was decided to rebuild the hospital, first donations were announced of nearly £40,000, including £500 from the nursing staff. Prince Arthur said that the main buildings, dating from 1750, were showing "signs of senile decay."

They would have felt, in very truth, that the country must be losing its common humanity and its common sense.

For instance, we have heard a great deal lately about the peril of the structure of St. Paul's Cathedral. Our fathers and grandfathers would have been disturbed, doubtless, at the notion of St. Paul's being in danger. But, scepticism not having then reached its final form of superstition, they would have realised that, after all, St. Paul's Cathedral is only a stone building; that its defects can only be material defects; and its fall could only be a material fall; though doubtless a noisy and annoying one. They would never have

## MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL.



THE FIRST CLINICAL OBSERVATIONS:  
HIPPOCRATES, THE FATHER OF MEDICINE,  
AT THE BEDSIDE OF A PATIENT.

downward road. I am very far from being one of those who whitewash the commercial nineteenth century. I know there were Victorian vices and, what is worse, sham Victorian virtues; but, if we lose the real virtues, anything may be lost.

The case for the Middlesex Hospital, as for the other hospitals, is therefore something too strong and too simple to be easily emphasised. What is wanted is effort rather than explanation; for the English, whatever their faults, never needed to have explained to them a type of charity and sympathy so native to their national instincts. It might well be said that they have understood mercy better than justice. Any amount of wrong, of the sort which the intellect is needed to right, has existed and does exist in the society we inherit from the nineteenth century. But a pity for vivid and visible suffering, a dislike of cruelty in the crude sense, has never been wanting in our people. And it is this ghastly and glaring sort of tragedy that the hospital is perpetually striving to control and cure. There are very few individuals,

though there are some, who have any theoretical objection to helping the hospital in its fight. I know one humanitarian who is a very humane man, yet refuses to help hospitals because of controversies he has with them about certain points of scientific ethics. But this view seems to me lacking in proportion, and therefore in reality. I also have any number of quarrels on hand with scientific men and scientific methods; but the failure of the hospitals would not be merely the failure of a few theories that I think sophistries; it would be the failure of thousands of ordinary human beings to get mended after ordinary accidents or cured of ordinary diseases. It would be a horrible collapse and congestion, like that of crowds dying in a Russian famine. Disapproving of particular hospital methods is a reason for trying to alter hospital methods, not a reason for trying to abolish hospitals. And just now anybody who has not decided to support hospitals has decided to abolish hospitals.

For nobody knows what will happen to the hospitals if they

do not continue to receive adequate support; and nobody knows what will happen to the society that has learned to lean on that support. The demands made on them grow more and more gigantic: if the support given to them grows more and more insufficient, there will be a crisis and probably a collapse. There are slower and more subtle social diseases than any that are cured in hospitals, but there is all the difference in the world between saying that a man may go into his tenement house day after day, wasting away slowly with the effects of continual hunger and injustice, and saying that he is to fall down in the street and break his leg and have no house to which he can go to be cured. When we have passed that line, we shall have passed a landmark on the road; on a long and perhaps wandering but certainly descending road, at the end of which are the most hideous things of history; heaps of dead rotting in the sun, when the people have fled from a pestilence.

In this place I have deliberately pleaded for the Middlesex Hospital as a matter of principle—as a matter concerned with a hospital rather than with Middlesex. I have compared it to St. Paul's Cathedral; and this particular hospital has really been threatened with a material as well as an economic danger. The considerable sum of £500,000 which is needed becomes necessary because the work is one of reconstruction as well as support. The old buildings are adjudged to be beyond repair, and the scheme is the only one by which those who are true to our very best traditions can save, not so much one hospital as a multitude of human beings.



ANOTHER URGENT REASON FOR REBUILDING THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL—INADEQUATE  
ACCOMMODATION: CHILDREN OUT-PATIENTS LAID ON THE FLOOR AFTER TREATMENT.

Children requiring operation for tonsils or adenoids have to be treated as out-patients, as there is no room to receive them in the wards. After operation they have to be laid out on a mattress on the floor for an hour or two until they are able to be carried home. The work of the Out-Patient Department, where over 7,500,000 attendances have been registered since the hospital was founded, has outstripped the accommodation on every side.

felt that their religion or morality was bound up with stone and cement; or that the fall of their faith was involved in the fall of their fane. But if they had been told that the great London hospitals were about to fall, not by the force of gravity but by the doom of bankruptcy, they would have had a very different sort of shock. They would have thought that the character of the English nation was collapsing, and not the structural artifices of a few builders in the reign of Charles II. They would have thought the very nature of the national polity was changing for the worse; since the English could no longer do what they once took most pride in doing. Writing some time ago in *The Illustrated London News*, I remarked that Victorian England, with all its errors in economics and ethics, maintained some moral achievements with an intense patriotic pride; and I gave this example, of the story often told me in my own Victorian childhood; the story of the Frenchman who was asked what he thought most remarkable in England, and who pointed to the inscription on the great hospital building: "Supported by voluntary contributions." The Frenchman may have been surprised that it was supported, but not half so surprised as the Englishman would have been if it had not been supported. When traditions so honourable have appeared as something distinctly national, and are yet so established as to be regarded by the natives as normal, I do truly think it a most terrible thing that they should fail. I have even about it a sort of mystical feeling, or what some might call a superstitious feeling. I feel as if it might be a sign and the turn of a road; a



# "I WAS SICK, AND YE VISITED ME": THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL'S APPEAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MACNAMARA, THE "TIMES," AND TOPICAL.



"MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL IS FALLING DOWN!" ONE OF THE FOURTEEN WARDS WHOSE CEILINGS AND WALLS HAVE HAD TO BE STRUTTED WITH TIMBER SUPPORTS.



ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE TEMPORARY MEASURES WHICH SAVED THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL FROM BEING CLOSED AS A "DANGEROUS STRUCTURE": STRUTS IN ONE OF THE WOMEN'S WARDS.



WHERE NEARLY 2000 LB. OF BREAD PER WEEK IS NEEDED TO KEEP THE HOSPITAL GOING: OLD CELLARS USED AS LARDERS AND STORES FOR LACK OF ACCOMMODATION.



WHERE THE TIMBER STRUTS ARE AWKWARD OBSTACLES TO MOVING DELICATE APPARATUS SUCH AS THIS PORTABLE X-RAY INSTRUMENT: A STRUTTED WARD IN MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL.

## DONATION FORM.

To the Rt. Hon. Lord Mildmay of Flete, P.C., Chairman,  
Reconstruction Fund, The Middlesex Hospital, London, W.1.

I enclose cheque for £.....as a gift to the Middlesex  
Hospital Reconstruction Fund.

Name.....

Address.....

.....  
Cheques should be crossed "Messrs. COUTTS & Co."



X-RAY TREATMENT IN AN UNDERGROUND CELLAR AT MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL: A MAKESHIFT, DUE TO OLD-FASHIONED ARCHITECTURE.

THEY GIVE TWICE WHO GIVE QUICKLY: A COUPON WHICH CRIES OUT TO BE FILLED UP, AND OFFERS EACH COMPETITOR A SPIRITUAL "PRIZE" FAR ABOVE RUBIES.

The claims of the Middlesex Hospital on public generosity can hardly be exaggerated. Apart from its direct task of healing, its great work of research, as in the world-famous cancer department, is one that benefits the whole community. We feel sure, therefore, that our readers will wish to respond liberally to the appeal for funds to replace the insecure and inadequate old building with a new one worthy of its purpose. The grounds of the appeal are succinctly stated by the committee, of which Lord Mildmay of Flete is President, as follows: "Built 170 years ago, the main block of the hospital buildings is on the verge of collapse. Its shallow foundations have crumbled, its walls are cracked, its ceilings have begun to fall. The beams and floors are ravaged by rot. Only by strutting

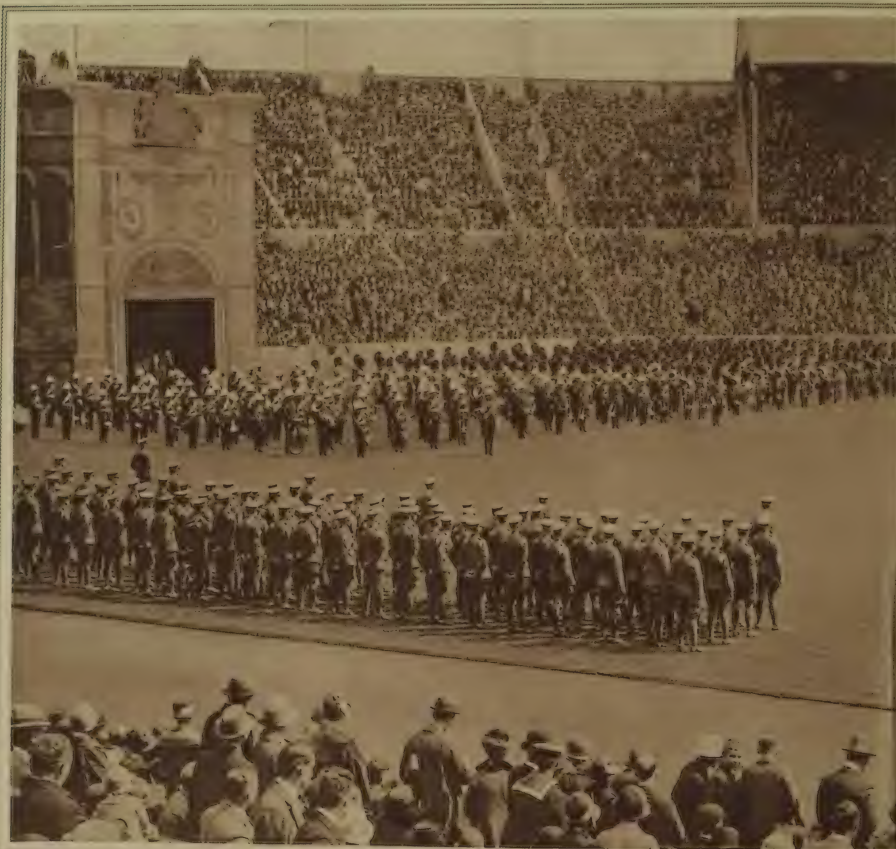
the walls and ceilings of fourteen wards and evacuating two more has the closing down of the entire block been averted for a brief space. If the Hospital's magnificent work for humanity is to be continued, the tottering old buildings must be entirely rebuilt at a cost of £500,000. . . . Facilities that were magnificent for the 102 in-patients of the first recorded year (1746-7) are totally inadequate for the 6000 in-patients who now pass through the wards every year." The hospital is to remain on its present site, which is held at a purely nominal rent through the generosity of the Berners family, and during reconstruction, block by block, patients thus displaced will be received in temporary wards in Cleveland Street, so that the hospital's work will not be interrupted.



# "LIFTING THIS MIGHTY FACT IN THE WORLD'S LIFE . . . TO THE THRONE OF GOD": THE EMPIRE THANKSGIVING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS.

J.B. and FARRINGTON PHOTO CO.



AT THE GREAT EMPIRE THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN THE STADIUM AT WEMBLEY ON EMPIRE DAY, IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING AND QUEEN AND THE ROYAL AIR FORCE, THE MASSES PIPES OF THE



AND SOME 90,000 SPECTATORS: AN IMPRESSIVE MARCHING DISPLAY BY THE MASSES BANDS OF THE 'BRIGADE OF GUARDS, THE ROYAL MARINES, SCOTS AND IRISH GUARDS, AND THE DRUMS AND FIFES.



SINGING "O WORSHIP THE KING, ALL GLORIOUS ABOVE": PART OF THE PROCESSIONAL CHOIR APPROACHING.

THE Empire Thanksgiving Service, which was celebrated on Sunday, May 24 (Empire Day), in the Stadium at Wembley, was a wonderfully impressive and inspiring ceremony. The Archbishop of York said in his address: "What mean we by this Service? It means—does it not?—that the tens of thousands here assembled and the hundreds of thousands now listening in distant places to my voice are with one heart and mind lifting this mighty fact in the world's life which we call the British Empire to the throne of God—in thanksgiving for the valiant service of our fathers who built it, in prayer that we their children may have wisdom to know

(Continued opposite.)



IN THE ROYAL BOX: (L. TO R.) LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY, PRINCESS HELENA VICTORIA, LASCELLES, THE KING, THE QUEEN, THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK, THE DUKE AND LADY



VISCOUNT LASCELLES, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCESS BEATRICE, PRINCESS MARY VISCOUNTESS OF CONNAUGHT, PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, MAUD KARNegie.

(Continued)  
and strength to fulfil God's purpose for it. We have need thus to enlarge and uplift our minds; for, as Edmund Burke said 150 years ago: "A great Empire and little minds go ill together." And it is well to remember, as we do this day and in this place, that the enduring bonds of the Empire must be spiritual, not material. It will be knit and kept in one, not by force or self-interest, but by the constraint of a common spirit. How shall we describe the true Imperial spirit? Let me give for answer the words of a great Apostle, "Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king." (1 St. Peter II., 17.)



THE PRIMATE IN THE ECCLESIASTICAL PROCESSION IN THE STADIUM: THE ARCH-BISHOP OF CANTEBURY.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN the good old days of mediæval romance—if we may trust that discredited poet, Tennyson—"every morning brought a noble chance, and every chance brought out a noble knight." It is so in the world of book-reviewing, where every day offers a new quest for the critics. No sooner has one fair volume been rescued from oblivion, but another calls for succour; no sooner has one dragon been slain, but another rears its grisly head.

At the outset of this week's adventure I am confronted with that formidable composite monster known as the Chesterbelloc—a predicament that might daunt even the doughtiest knight of the pen! I have never seen a drawing of the Chesterbelloc, just as Alice had never seen a drawing of a muchness, but I can imagine more or less what it would be like. Luckily for me, I come to praise the Chesterbelloc, not to slay him.

This is, perhaps, an unduly irreverent way of introducing a work in which two very distinguished writers have collaborated—namely, "MR. PETRE," a novel by Hilaire Belloc, with twenty-two drawings by G. K. Chesterton (Arrowsmith; 7s. 6d. net). My first thought on opening it was: "Is G. K. also among the artists?" He certainly is—and a highly competent artist at that, with a genius for satirical character-study that is too lifelike to be called caricature. Technically, his pencil-work is first-rate; but the outstanding quality of his drawings is their delicious, mordant humour. They possess also the merit rare among illustrators, of perfect accord both with the letter and spirit of the text. It would, indeed, be difficult to find two collaborators in closer sympathy, and the result is an object-lesson to all artists who illustrate books.

In writing about Mr. Chesterton I am reminded of a little incident that occurred some twenty years ago, when I first saw him. It was at the Bodley Head, and Mr. Lane happened to mention that I had written a biography. No doubt Mr. Chesterton has forgotten the circumstance, but I remember well his jovial reply: "Send me a copy, and I'll give it a flaring review." Now that an opportunity has come to return the compliment, on a small scale, it seems odd to be dealing with him as an artist and not as a writer. It may be only my ignorance, but I was surprised to find that Mr. Chesterton could draw. A reference to his record in "Who's Who," however, disclosed the fact that, before he took to writing, he attended classes at the Slade School, and then began his literary career by reviewing art-books. He ought surely to illustrate his own works. Mr. Belloc, of course, is likewise an admirable humourist with the pencil as well as the pen, as witness "Cautionary Tales" and so on; but his *forte* lies rather in broad caricature, and for his new book, which is in the vein of satire rather than farce, he was wise to rely on Mr. Chesterton's more appropriate style.

Was it not Lord Balfour who gave thanks for that type of book that "cheers us all up"? Mr. Belloc's tale enters triumphantly into that category, but at the same time it has an undercurrent of serious and biting criticism on certain social, political, and financial types, some of which border on portraiture. It is the kind of satire to be expected from the author of "The Servile State" and the co-author of "The Party System." He portrays with subtle ridicule the financier out for big business, the newspaper proprietor out for scoops, with their respective hangers-on; the corrupt politician, the lawyer, and the specialist out for fees; and "society" out for tips on the Stock Exchange. The date is 1953, and the Lord Chancellor and several Ministers of State are women. The idea of the plot is original—a case of lapsed memory and innocent impersonation, by the sufferer, of an American multi-millionaire. It was some time after reading the story that I realised the total absence of a love interest, and found that I had not missed it.

There are some books that produce, in the soul of the desk-bound quill-driver, a sense of his own inconsequent futility. That was my feeling when I read "NIGERIAN DAYS," by A. C. G. Hastings, with an Introduction by R. B. Cunninghame Graham (The Bodley Head; 12s. 6d. net), for the spacious life of action here described contrasts so sharply with the townsman's humdrum pursuits. The book is a record of eighteen years' strenuous Empire-building in a new country—not Empire-building by conquest or big

political and financial deals, but by sheer slogging, constructive work. "Record" is really too dry a word, suggesting a matter-of-fact chronicle in strict order of date; the book is rather a story told from memory, in typical scenes of vivid actuality, mingled with a certain amount of historical explanation. It is illustrated by thirty-two photographs, and one wishes there were more of them. The author relates his experiences as a political officer in Northern Nigeria since 1906, a date only six years after the British Government took over control from the Royal Niger Company. In those early days of the Protectorate, a handful of white men were gradually evolving order out of chaos in a vast territory, and Mr. Hastings was one of them. During the war he was for some time Acting Resident at Kano.

Pondering how best to impart the quality of his work, I was minded at first to borrow from Mr. Cunninghame Graham's Introduction, for the author of "Doughty Deeds" has found in Mr. Hastings a man after his own heart, and in praising the book provides an admirable summary. Another plan was to select representative "chunks" from the author's text. In choosing "chunks," however, I soon became involved in an embarrassment of riches. It was like picking flowers in a wood—the next was always better. I wanted to give the whole bunch, but that presented a prospect of *The Illustrated London News* swelling visibly under pressure of quotation and growing into a reprint of "Nigerian Days." There must be a limit. Regretfully I discarded the chunk system; yet how otherwise convey adequately the book's many-sided interest? That is the problem; perhaps the best solution is to close it and attempt to set down the impression left upon one reader's mind.

First, as to the author's personality. He reveals himself as forceful, brave, humorous, sympathetic to man and beast, but not to be trifled with. His duty took him on immense tours through almost trackless bush, by primitive means of transport, to visit remote tribes, establish relations with local chiefs and supervise their rule, administer justice, suppress cruelty—such as slavery, cannibalism, or inhuman punishments—and, hardest task of all, to collect taxes. Apart from other journeys, he rode more than 25,000 miles on horseback. Often he had no other white man with him, and at best only a few. He suffered hardships from heat and sickness. He was in peril often from hostile natives, from crocodiles and snakes, and from tornadoes while travelling on the Niger in frail native craft. His experiences would provide material for a dozen tales of adventure.

Although he treats sport as a side issue and confesses himself but an average shot, his encounters with big game are more entertaining than those of many a mighty hunter, because of his humanity and his humour. Especially amusing is the incident on one of his "off" days, when, after missing a kob buck five times, he rose from cover and shouted to it to clear off, while his native bearer gravely observed: "Kwanansa bai kare ba" (His day is not yet ended). The author's remark that he never would shoot a giraffe, "a most inoffensive creature," is warmly applauded by Mr. Cunninghame Graham, who adds that a man might as well shoot his maiden aunt and hang up her wig as a trophy.

The passages I found most interesting of all are those in which Mr. Hastings discusses the ethics of colonisation, and contrasts British methods with those of other nations. Once only he found it necessary to use force to bring a refractory tribe to heel, and his vindication of such necessity may be commended to arm-chair critics. Another time, in an even tighter corner, he compelled submission by moral suasion—or, as he puts it, "colossal cheek."

After all, I am constrained to resort to "chunks" to express properly his point of view. "There is no race," he writes, "which can beat the British in handling natives. We don't go out to their countries with entirely altruistic motives; no one does. We have our own country's interests to serve. But where we score is that we believe in keeping up the native's end, and helping the 'under dog.' . . . We start in by abolishing the evils which we find there—slavery, human sacrifice, and inter-tribal war; after that we check famine, prevent disease, ensure the safety of the land, and then we see how to turn it into a going concern. Meanwhile, we do nothing much to make ourselves comfortable while we are at it." And again: "I look back on the picture of the past, seeing these people as they were in all that quagmire of oppression, warfare, and enslavement . . . of cruelty, extortion, and rapine. I turn and face the other canvas, to behold them as they are to-day, a contented congeries of races, permitted to carry on their quiet pursuits unhampered, with free right of access to a fair hearing—a right which every year they are learning more and more to use."

The existing state of Nigeria, as the Prince of Wales recently saw it, is due to the efforts of such men as Mr. Hastings. He dedicates his book to Sir Hugh Clifford, the present Governor, under whose guidance the Prince toured.

Several other interesting books were down on the list for notice this week, and it is sad to have to call out, "No room!" Among them are "THE HEART OF THE MIDDLE EAST," by Richard Coke (Thornton Butterworth; 18s. net), a study of Mesopotamia from the earliest times to the present day; "THE TRUTH ABOUT KITCHENER," by V. W. Germain ("A Rifleman") (The Bodley Head; 8s. 6d. net), at once a eulogy and a vindication; and "A MUSICAL CRITIC'S HOLIDAY," by Ernest Newman (Cassell; 12s. 6d. net), in which the author discusses the possibility of criticising contemporary composers. These books must be reserved for fuller treatment later on. C. E. B.

It is with the greatest regret that we have to announce the death of Mr. J. D. Symon, who was long associated with "The Illustrated London News" and contributed this page for a number of years. A memoir and portrait will be found on p. 1086.



PERSIAN COSTUME—HAT, COAT, AND TROUSERS—IN THE DAYS OF XERXES: A FINE LIMESTONE RELIEF (26½ IN. HIGH) OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C. AKIN TO THOSE FROM PERSEPOLIS, AND SHORTLY TO BE SOLD.

The catalogue of the sale of Egyptian, Babylonian, Greek, and Roman antiquities at Sotheby's, on June 8 and 9, says of this sculpture: "The style is closely akin to the reliefs from the Palace at Persepolis, which belong to the reign of Xerxes (485-465 B.C.), and the work is a splendid example of Persian art at the beginning of the fifth century." It is also interesting for the clear details of costume, including coat and trousers, tiara, and felt hat with lappets round the chin. The startled look of the lamb—probably an offering—is very lifelike.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby and Co.



AKIN TO THE MOST FAMOUS STATUE OF THE ANCIENT WORLD: A BEAUTIFUL GREEK TORSO OF APHRODITE (22½ IN. HIGH) ASCRIBED TO PRAXITELES (364-330 B.C.) INCLUDED IN A FORTH-COMING SALE.

This marble torso of Aphrodite, owned by Sir John Leslie, Bt., is included in the sale of Egyptian, Babylonian, Greek, and Roman antiquities to be held at Sotheby's on June 8 and 9. The catalogue says: "It is of the same type and size as the statue from Ostia in the British Museum. No other replicas are known. The goddess is disrobing to enter the sea, the subject and pose being closely similar to those of the Aphrodite of Praxiteles bought by the Cnidians, the most famous statue of the ancient world and the standard of womanly beauty. . . . Minute correspondence in details makes it clear that both originals were inspired by the same model . . . and must have issued from the studio of Praxiteles within a few years of each other." The Cnidian "Aphrodite," for which Phryne was probably the model, was destroyed by fire in 475 A.D., but a copy exists in the Vatican.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby and Co.]



# THE "CONTEMPTIBLES'" LEADER LAID TO REST: LORD YPRES' FUNERAL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY L.N.A.



WITH MARSHAL JOFFRE WALKING BESIDE THE GUN-CARRIAGE: THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL THE EARL OF YPRES, IN GREAT GEORGE STREET, WESTMINSTER, ON ITS WAY FROM THE ABBEY TO VICTORIA.

The funeral service for the late Field-Marshal the Earl of Ypres, who (as Sir John French) in 1914 led the "old Contemptibles" to France, took place in Westminster Abbey on May 26. In the afternoon the coffin was brought to the Abbey from the Guards' Chapel at Wellington Barracks, where it had lain in state. Among those who visited it there to pay a last tribute was Lord Ypres' old comrade-in-arms, Marshal Joffre, the first French Commander-in-Chief during the war, who was one of the pall-bearers, as representative of France and the French Army. The King was represented by Earl Haig, and Belgium by Lieut.-General

Bernheim, who commanded the First Belgian Division in the war. After the service in the Abbey the coffin was placed on a gun-carriage, while a salute of nineteen guns was fired from St. James's Park, and was taken in procession to Victoria, there to remain throughout the night in a railway carriage, guarded by two N.C.O.'s and six men, until the train left the next day for Ripple, near Deal, Lord Ypres' birthplace, where the burial took place. In our photograph Marshal Joffre (in light uniform) may be seen beside the gun-carriage (to the left of it in the picture) as the leading pall-bearer on that side.



# OXFORD "BAGS" IN EIGHTS WEEK: A CONTRAST OF SLIM MAIDEN AND VOLUMINOUS MALE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

ARTIST, W. R. S. STOTT.



## WHERE OXFORD TROUSERS IN BLUE, MAUVE, SAGE-GREEN, AND "TOFFEE" SHADES WERE

The fashion of baggy trousers inaugurated at Oxford, one of the "last enchantments" of this curious age, has since spread abroad in the land, and examples are not unfamiliar even in the streets of London. Oxford remains, however, the headquarters of the new sartorial movement, and the starting-place of fresh developments in colour. A few days ago it was announced that a new shade had appeared which might be called "Indian Skin," after a type of silk stocking, and had caused the previously favoured shades, such as blue, mauve, sage-green, and "toffee," to seem quite commonplace. The big "bags" brigade came

## OUTSHONE BY "INDIAN SKIN": A SCENE ON THE TOW-PATH DURING EIGHTS WEEK.

out in all its glory, of course, during Eights Week, which began on May 21, and the aspect of the crowd on the towpath was weird and wonderful. The voluminous character of the masculine lower habiliments contrasted strangely with the slim and *svelte* style at present affected by feminine fashion. The limit of width so far reached by Oxford "bags" is about 32 inches, and it is reported that a certain well-known tailor in the "High" struck when requested to make a pair 36 inches wide.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]



# "UBIQUE": GUNS FOR THE R.A. PAGEANT FOR THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, KEYSTONE, I.B., C.N., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



A PICTURESQUE FEATURE IN THE ROYAL ARTILLERY PAGEANT, "UBIQUE," AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT AT OLYMPIA: A 4.7-IN. GUN DRAWN BY OXEN, AS USED IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR, PHOTOGRAPHED DURING A REHEARSAL OF THE EPISODE ON WOOLWICH COMMON.



THE GUN THAT SAVED GIBRALTAR FOR THE BRITISH: AN OLD BRASS CANNON, WITH DEPRESSION CARRIAGE TO FIRE DOWN ON THE SPANISH SHIPS, USED BY THE DEFENDERS IN 1705.



ACCOMPANIED BY A PORTABLE FURNACE USED IN THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR TO MAKE THE SHOT RED-HOT: THE 1705 BRASS GUN IN A REHEARSAL AT WOOLWICH.



AS USED IN THE AFGHAN WAR OF 1879: AN ELEPHANT GUN WITH ITS DETACHMENT—THE ELEPHANT "REHEARSING" FOR THE FIRST TIME AT OLYMPIA.



WEARING GAS-MASKS AND "TIN HATS": GUNNERS OF TERRITORIAL FIELD ARTILLERY REHEARSING, ON WOOLWICH COMMON, A SCENE FOR THE PAGEANT AT OLYMPIA.



SHOWING THE DRESS WORN BY BRITISH ARTILLERYMEN IN THE CRIMEA, INCLUDING FUR-LINED "WADERS" LIKE THOSE OF MODERN AIRMEN: A MORTAR USED IN 1854.



AS USED IN CANADA IN 1870: A CANADIAN BATTERY ON A SLEIGH REHEARSING AT OLYMPIA FOR THE ARTILLERY PAGEANT IN THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.

The principal feature of this year's Royal Tournament, which the Duke of Connaught arranged to open at Olympia on May 28, is the Royal Artillery Pageant entitled "Ubique," particulars of which we have given in previous numbers. The first event is a procession of historical groups, including an old brass gun used in the siege of Gibraltar. It is mounted on a depression carriage specially invented by the British defenders to enable them to fire down red-hot shot from the Rock on to the Spanish bomb-ships, which had come close in. This gun is said to have saved Gibraltar. With it in the pageant is the portable furnace used to heat

the shot. Later episodes include an elephant gun as used in the Afghan War of 1879, and a 4.7-in. gun drawn by oxen as used in the Boer War. There are 1500 men in the Pageant, including Indian, South African, and West African natives; and 650 horses and mules, besides oxen, camels, and elephants. The Pageant was rehearsed in sections, at Woolwich, Blackdown, Aldershot, Brighton, Chatham, Portsmouth, Devonport, Deal, Cranwell, St. John's Wood, Regent's Park, Weedon, and Shoeburyness. Rehearsals followed in the arena at Olympia, and a full-dress rehearsal there was arranged for May 27.



## FRANCE AND SPAIN IN MOROCCO: AIR VIEWS OF FRENCH FIGHTING.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR, AT NOON ON MAY 13, A FEW MOMENTS AFTER ITS RELIEF BY THE FRENCH TROOPS UNDER GENERAL COLOMBAT, AND WHILE HE WAS INSTALLING HIS HEADQUARTERS: THE FRENCH POST OF BIBAN, WHICH HAD BEEN BESIEGED BY THE RIFFS.



WHERE THE BESIEGING RIFFS HAD EXPOSED MUTILATED BODIES OF FRENCH SOLDIERS TO INTIMIDATE THE GARRISON: THE FRENCH POST AT AULAI AND ITS HEROIC GARRISON, PHOTOGRAPHED, TWO DAYS BEFORE ITS RELIEF, FROM ONE OF THE AEROPLANES WHICH ENABLED IT TO HOLD OUT.

An official statement issued from the Premier's office in Paris, on May 25, was believed to indicate joint Franco-Spanish action in Morocco. The statement, as given by Reuter, said: "M. Malvy, who during his absence has formed important and friendly relations in Spain, brings back from a journey to Madrid very interesting information on the subject of Franco-Spanish relations, which will be considered by the Cabinet on Tuesday (May 26)." The above photographs, taken from aeroplanes, show two of the French border posts which have been relieved after being besieged for a considerable time by the Riffs. The siege of Aulai

lasted for three weeks. The French commander, Colonel Duboin, who was wounded and taken to hospital at Fez, said that at first the neighbouring villagers were friendly, but they were terrorised into joining the enemy and took part reluctantly in the attack on the fort. In order to intimidate the garrison, he said, the Riff besiegers exposed to their view a number of mutilated bodies of French soldiers. The fort had been enabled to hold out by the visits of French aeroplanes, for while they were about the Riff guns ceased firing. When the post was relieved only sixteen of the thirty-four Senegalese forming the garrison remained.



## A RAINY DERBY, AND AN EASY VICTORY FOR A CO-FAVOURITE: THE START; AND "LEADING-IN."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL AND AITKEN, LTD.



SHOWING THE STARTING GATE IN OPERATION, AND THE TAPES RISING: THE TWENTY-SIX ENTRANTS IN THE DERBY MASSED TOGETHER AT THE START OF THE GREAT RACE.

Derby Day this year (Wednesday, May 27) proved to be a wet one, but the weather did not damp the ardour of race-goers. The great race, in which the prospects of the various horses had been more than usually uncertain, resulted in an easy win, by eight lengths, for Mr. H. E. Morris's Manna (S. Donoghue up) the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, which started in the Derby as co-favourite with Lord Astor's Cross-Bow. The latter was unplaced. The Aga Khan's Zionist (B. Carslake up) came in second in the Derby, and third place was taken by a French horse, the Sirdar, owned by Mr. A. K. Macomber, and ridden by A. Esling. The Sirdar's much-discussed compatriot, Ptolemy II., failed to fulfil the hopes reposed in him. The race was a memorable one for Donoghue, the



A FAMOUS JOCKEY WINS HIS FOURTH DERBY AT EPSOM, BESIDES TWO WAR-TIME "SUBSTITUTES": MANNA (S. DONOGHUE UP) BEING LED-IN BY HIS OWNER, MR. H. E. MORRIS, AFTER THE RACE.

famous jockey, who has thus won his fourth Derby at Epsom. Prior to last year, he had ridden the winning horse three times in succession—Humorist in 1921, Captain Cattle in 1922, and Papyrus in 1923. He also rode the winner twice in a "substitute" Derby during the war—Pommern in 1915, and Gay Crusader in 1917. Manna's owner, Mr. Morris, is a merchant of Shanghai. In each of the last four years he has instructed his trainer, Fred Darling, by cable, to buy the best yearling offered for sale at Doncaster, but he has never before run a horse in the Derby. Manna, which has now gained the highest honours of the Turf, was his second purchase. The heavy going in the Derby apparently suited him.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## FACTORS IN EVOLUTION—USE AND DISUSE.\*

By W. P. Pyecraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

OUR progress towards a solution of the problems presented by the study of Evolution would have been greater but for the fact that, having found what seemed to be a satisfactory interpretation of one set of phenomena, we immediately set out to test its reliability by applying it as a solvent of other difficulties barring our way. And when we fail in this futile endeavour we throw away that interpretation as useless, even where it efficiently served its purpose.

It is time that we began to realise that there are many agencies, or "factors," at work in determining the shapes and peculiarities of animals. That "Use" and "Disuse" hold an important place among these there seems no room for doubt. But it appears to me that, before I proceed to enlarge upon these factors, it would be well, if only for the sake of the standard of comparison it will afford, to present a few facts concerning what has been called "orthogenetic" development. Different shades of meaning have been given to this term, but it may be used to explain the birth and development of characters which may be called "ebullitive of the germ-plasm"—the minute speck of formative material out of which living bodies, even of man himself, as by a miracle are made. Who needs to be told that no two living bodies are ever exactly alike? But, besides the plus or minus variations which constitute their differences, new permutations and combinations of structure—or, as we say, new "characters"—are constantly appearing. And these seem to be endowed with a variable degree of energy, but always to follow a definite trajectory. In their incipient stages such new characters confer no benefit on their possessor. But, sooner or later, a time may come when they become "useful," not to say vitally important organs, conferring a distinct advantage over other individuals of the species lacking this character. Or this particular innovation may prove to be harmful, when such as possess it will be eliminated in the "Struggle for Existence." That is to say, "Natural Selection" is the final arbiter as to what shall happen to individuals which break new ground. Such characters constitute, to a very large degree, the material which goes to make new species and genera. They may become the basis for profound changes of form and habit, or habitat.

By way of illustration let us take the case of the development of the nasal horns of the Titanotheres.

showing no trace of nasal armature. Next comes *Mantoceras*, of the Mid-Miocene, with small rudiments of nasal horns. This was followed by *Protitanotherium*, of the Upper Eocene, wherein the rudimentary horns are conspicuously larger; and finally we come to *Titanotherium*, wherein enormous horns, projecting from the snout, are present. And these probably were used as weapons of offence. "Natural Selection" did not beget these weapons, but it fostered their growth as soon as they became of some advantage in the "Struggle for Existence."

And now as to what I will call "Reciprocity" in Evolution. This term will best explain itself by an examination of the singular inter-relationship between the wind-pipe and the keel of the breast-bone in the case of Bewick's swan. Note that the wind-pipe is part of the respiratory system, the breast-bone part of the skeleton; the two are in no wise related. In this bird, from some inexplicable reason, the wind-pipe grows too long for the neck, and in consequence forms a loop which comes to rest against

the anterior border of the keel of the sternum, as yet but the usual thin, vertical plate of bone, forming

purpose of tools and weapons, useless for either purpose. This change, probably, came about with the change from a forest life to a home on the tundra, where there were no trees to be uprooted for the sake of their fruits. They should have decreased from "disuse." But probably the great weight they had already attained kept up the stimulus of "use," and hence their excessive growth.

These, then, are some of the factors which go to



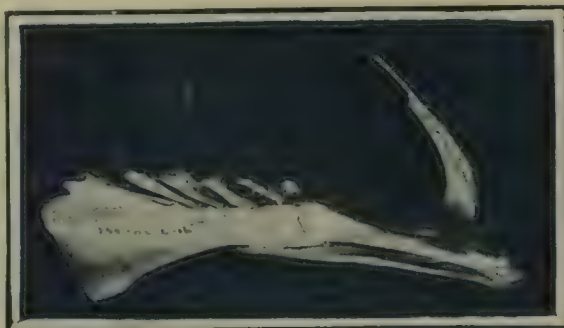
AN EXAMPLE OF THE EFFECT OF DISUSE: THE CASSOWARY, WITH ONLY VESTIGES OF WINGS.

"In the Cassowary, the wings have become reduced to mere vestiges, but the bases of the original flight-feathers became strangely modified to form solid spikes, of unknown function."



THE LAST OF ITS RACE, EVOLVED FROM AN ANIMAL WITHOUT NASAL ARMATURE: TITANTHERIUM, WITH HUGE HORNS. AS WEAPONS OF OFFENCE, PROJECTING FROM THE SNOOT. "In *Titanotherium*, the last of its race, nasal horns came at last into being. The growth of these weapons occupied a period of thousands of years."

A Restoration from a Skeleton in the American Museum of Natural History.



TRANSFORMED THROUGH THE EFFECT OF USE: THE REMARKABLE BREAST-BONE OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN HOATZIN.

"The remarkable breast-bone of the Hoatzin was transformed by the effect of 'use'—the pressure of an ever-thickening and bulky crop, that took over the function of the gizzard, which as gradually degenerated."—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]

a double wall, enclosing a thin meshwork of air-cells. But by reason of this contact this plate gradually expands, to form a shallow groove. And, the increase

of the wind-pipe continuing, the groove deepens, till at last it becomes a spacious chamber within which the surplus length of the wind-pipe coils itself, emerging, finally, to enter the lungs.

Let us turn to another aspect of the "factors" of Evolution. In some animals structures hitherto "useful" come to exceed the bounds of usefulness. They take on an excessive growth, and become a menace. The teeth of the Sabre-toothed tiger, of Layard's Beaked whale, the tusks of the Mammoth and a near American relation of this animal, the great Columbian elephant, are examples of this kind.

In the two elephants the tusks, originally used for digging, attain an excessive length and curvature, so that their tips nearly meet one another, making these teeth, which served the double

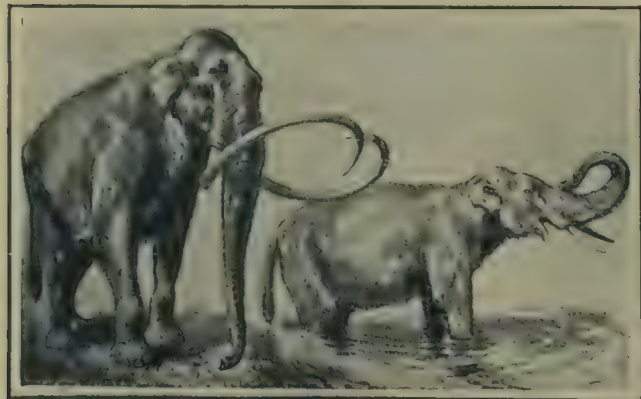
make the varied shapes of animals, and they point to the existence of others even more subtle yet to be discovered. This brings me back to my main theme—"Use" and "Disuse" as factors in Evolution.

As an example of this kind let us take the singular history of the South American Hoatzin. Apparently an aberrant game-bird, it has come to haunt the margins of streams, feeding upon the hard fruits of an "Aroid." But this diet has brought about a change in the character of the crop, which has taken on the functions of the gizzard, developing thick, muscular walls. The pressure induced thereby has forced the "merry-thought" upward upon the coracoid bones, and caused its fusion with the body of the sternum, the keel of which has been forced backwards to the extreme end of the external plate. Hence the feeble powers of flight which mark these birds. That is to say, the birds having become addicted to this peculiar type of food, to be had in abundance, long flights became unnecessary, and the wing-muscles in consequence degenerated from disuse, while at the same time the crop was slowly changing its function, and utilising the area originally needed for the breast-muscles, the main driving-power of the wing.

And now as to "Disuse." This is forcibly demonstrated in the case of the ostrich tribe. In the African and South American ostriches the wing feathers are still relatively large, but quite useless for flight. In

the cassowary and emu the degeneration of the wing has so far advanced that but little of the hand remains. Still less is found in the New Zealand kiwi. In the extinct *Hesperornis* both hand and fore-arm had vanished, and only the upper portion of the arm remained. One could cite dozens of similar instances, furnished by diverse types of animals.

We can interpret these phenomena of "Use" and "Disuse" fairly accurately. The emulsified food taken up in the blood-stream is absorbed in the repair of the tissues wasted by use. The organs which are used most require most. Such as are used but little, or not at all, get only what is left, and hence are gradually "starved" out of existence.



WITH EXCESSIVE TUSKS, NO LONGER USEFUL, DUE PROBABLY TO A CHANGE OF HABITAT: THE AMERICAN MAMMOTH. *Elephas columbi*.

"The excessively developed tusks of the American mammoth, *Elephas columbi*, had now come to exceed the bounds of usefulness."

A Restoration from a Skeleton in the American Museum of Natural History.

The earliest member of this group was *Eotitanops borealis*, of the Lower Eocene, a quite small animal.



A CASE OF 'RECIPROCITY' IN EVOLUTION: THE CHAMBER FORMED FROM THE KEEL OF THE STERNUM IN BEWICK'S SWAN.

"The remarkable chamber formed out of the keel of the sternum, in Bewick's swan, for the reception of the excessive length of the wind-pipe, is an example of 'reciprocity' in growth."

Photograph by E. J. Manly.

\* This essay is a summary of a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution on May 2, 1925, by W.P. Pyecraft.



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, MAULL AND FOX, VANDYK, PHOTO. SERVICE (DELHI), SPORT AND GENERAL, HAY WRIGHTSON, AND RUSSELL.



APPOINTED A NEW JUDGE OF KING'S BENCH: MR. R. A. WRIGHT, K.C.



MADE A D.B.E. AND GIVEN A "BENEFIT" CONCERT: MME. ALBANI.



PRESS MAGNATE AND RACE-HORSE OWNER: THE LATE SIR EDWARD HULTON, BT.



A NEW KNIGHT OF THE GARTER: THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.



RECENTLY RECEIVED BY THE KING: THE NAWAB SIR AMIR-UD-DIN AHMAD KHAN.



VICTORS IN THE INTERNATIONAL GOLF MATCH AGAINST SCOTLAND AT WESTWARD HO! BY 8 MATCHES TO 5: THE ENGLISH TEAM.



BEATEN BY ENGLAND BY 8 MATCHES TO 5 IN THE INTERNATIONAL GOLF MATCH AT WESTWARD HO! THE SCOTTISH TEAM.



THE RETIRING HIGH COMMISSIONER OF EGYPT: FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT ALLENBY.



LADY GOLF CHAMPION: MISS JOYCE WETHERED (SEATED, LEFT) WITH THE RUNNER-UP, MISS CECIL LEITCH (SEATED, RIGHT), AND THE SEMI-FINALISTS—MRS. TEMPLE DOBELL (LEFT) AND MISS BERYL BROWN.



THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER OF PALESTINE: FIELD-MARSHAL LORD PLUMER.

Mr. R. A. Wright was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple in 1900 and "took silk" in 1917. He has had a large practice in the Commercial Court.—Mme. Albani, the famous singer, has been made a Dame of the Order of the British Empire. A benefit concert for her was given at Covent Garden on May 25, under royal patronage. Dame Melba took part in it.—Sir Edward Hulton, the well-known newspaper-proprietor, was a great figure on the Turf. His death prevented the running of his two Derby horses, Oojah and Silverado, and his Oaks horse, Signal.—The appointment of the Duke of Northumberland as a Knight of the Garter was announced on May 26.—The Hon. Nawab Sir Amir-ud-Din Ahmad Khan Sahib Bahadur, K.C.I.E., who recently arrived from India on

a visit, has been on the Viceregal Council, and is a staunch friend of this country.—Lord Plumer greatly distinguished himself in the war as Commander of the Second Army, and since as Governor of Malta.—The photograph of the English golf team shows (l. to r.) standing—Messrs. S. Robinson, T. F. Ellison, E. F. Storey, Hon. M. Scott, Squadron-Leader C. H. Hayward; sitting—R. H. Wethered, Sir Ernest Holderness, Bt., C. J. H. Tolley, and H. D. Gillies. Mr. C. Bretherton was absent when the photograph was taken. The Scottish group shows (l. to r.) standing—W. J. Guild, E. P. Kyle, T. H. Osgood, A. J. Graham, A. Menzies, T. A. Torrance; sitting—E. Blackwell, R. Harris, W. L. Hope, and W. A. Murray.



# THE PRINCE IN SOUTH AFRICA: STELLENBOSCH STUDENTS; WORCESTER.

OFFICIAL N.P.A. PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



FORMED OF 160 BRITISH AND DUTCH CAPE FARMERS: THE COMMANDO THAT ESCORTED THE PRINCE OF WALES IN WORCESTER.



A ROUSING WELCOME AT A GREAT CENTRE OF DUTCH NATIONALISM: STUDENTS OF STELLENBOSCH UNIVERSITY SINGING BEFORE THE PRINCE.



DRAWN BY RUGBY FOOTBALL PLAYERS OF STELLENBOSCH UNIVERSITY, IN BLAZERS AND WHITE FLANNELS: THE PRINCE (EXTREME LEFT) IN A BAROUCHE.



WITH OSTRICH PLUMES ON THE HORSES' HEADS: THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE CARRIAGE IN WHICH HE DROVE THROUGH WORCESTER.



WITH HAND BANDAGED OWING TO THE EFFECT OF MUCH HAND-SHAKING ON AN OLD STRAIN: THE PRINCE WITH GIRL STUDENTS AT STELLENBOSCH.



CHATTING TO THE BOER FARMER WHO WAS IN CHARGE OF THE MOUNTED COMMANDO: THE PRINCE (WITH BANDAGED HAND) AT WORCESTER.

On leaving Cape Town on May 4, the Prince of Wales spent a day motoring eastward through the countryside. At Stellenbosch, the earliest European inland settlement in Cape Colony and a centre of Dutch Nationalism, he received a hearty and boisterous welcome from the students of the University. From the centre of the town he was taken through the streets in a decorated landau drawn by a team of "Rugger" players, and at the University the President of the Students' Council said, in a jocular speech, which greatly amused the Prince and his staff: "We have come here because we like to see a man and cheer because

we know a man when we see one. . . . As regards the ladies of the University, their feelings, I am afraid, are far too delicate for words, but your Royal Highness need only look at the way they are eyeing you." Luncheon was served by girl students in white silk frocks. On May 5 the Prince was greeted at Worcester Station by a commando of 160 British and Dutch farmers, who galloped before his carriage through the town. It was drawn by magnificent horses crowned with ostrich plumes. The Prince still had his hand bandaged, for the frequent handshaking during his tour had revived the effect of an old strain.



## FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: ART ITEMS; A BEAUTY SPOT SAVED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES," PHOTOPRESS, ABRAHAM (KESWICK), AND ALFIERI. THE GAINSBOROUGH BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON AND WOODS.



SHOWING THE CREST OF THE HELMET (BEING HELD IN POSITION): A BACK VIEW OF THE FIFTH CENTURY (B.C.) STATUE FOUND AT SPARTA.



SOLD FOR £17,850 AT THE CARNARVON SALE: GAINSBOROUGH'S SPLENDID PORTRAIT OF ANNE, COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD, PAINTED IN 1777.



POSSIBLY A MEMORIAL TO LEONIDAS: PART OF A FINE GREEK STATUE FOUND BY BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGISTS AT SPARTA (FIFTH CENTURY B.C.).



IS IT "A TRAVESTY OF NATURE" OR A WORK OF "PERFECT CRAFTSMANSHIP"? MR. JACOB EPSTEIN EXAMINING HIS PANEL FOR THE MEMORIAL TO W. H. HUDSON, RECENTLY UNVEILED BY THE PRIME MINISTER IN THE BIRD SANCTUARY IN HYDE PARK, AND SINCE THE SUBJECT OF AN ÆSTHETIC CONTROVERSY.



SHOWING (IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE) A BEAUTIFUL LAKELAND DISTRICT BOUGHT FOR THE NATION BY SIR JOHN RANGLES: DERWENTWATER AND SKIDDAW, FROM FALCON CRAG.

The fine life-size Greek statue of the fifth century B.C. shown above was found recently by members of the British School at Athens, on the Acropolis at Sparta. Several further fragments, of the helmet and legs, have since come to light. Mr. George Macmillan suggests that it may be "a memorial to the hero of Thermopylæ."—At the four days' sale at Christie's of the Carnarvon art collection, the highest price was £17,850, paid by Messrs. Phillips and McConal, of Liverpool, for Gainsborough's portrait of Anne, Countess of Chesterfield. Its new owner is said to be Sir John Leigh, M.P.—The controversy over the Epstein panel on the Hudson Memorial revealed an extraordinary



"EROS" IN HIS TEMPORARY HOME: THE FAMOUS FIGURE FROM PICCADILLY RE-ERECTED, WITHOUT THE FOUNTAIN, IN THE EMBANKMENT GARDENS.

divergence of opinion. Some of its enemies have described it as "a travesty of nature," and "an angular, tortured Astarte, with soup-plate hands." Other critics have defended it, and one sees in it "the uprush of a wild, free spirit," embodied "with classical restraint in design, in terms of perfect craftsmanship."—In the above photograph of Derwentwater, Crow Park is seen in the left background, just to right of an isthmus. Cockshot Wood is in the centre (middle distance) and Castle Head further to right. The purchase of 60 acres for the National Trust, by Sir John Randles, prevented building that would have spoilt a famous view—"Eros" will eventually return to Piccadilly Circus.



# AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF CURRENT EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY UNIVERSAL PHOTOGRAPHIC PROCESS, L.N.A., ALFIERI, PHOTO ILLUSTRATIONS CO., CENTRAL PRESS, AND C.N.



AN ANNUAL TRIBUTE TO A MURDERED KING IN THE TOWER: LILIES PLACED ON THE DEATH-PLACE (IN 1471) OF HENRY VI.



RACEHORSE OWNERS AT THE PRESS CLUB DERBY LUNCH: (L. TO R.) LORD DERBY (OWNER OF CONQUISTADOR), MR. EDGAR WALLACE, MR. H. E. MORRIS (OWNER OF MANNA), SIR CHARLES HYDE (OWNER OF DIGNITY).



PRINCESS MARY VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES AS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE 2ND ROYAL SCOTS: INSPECTING THE REGIMENT AT COLCHESTER.



VICTOR OVER MR. WETHERED IN THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. GRANT.



BEATEN BY MR. DOUGLAS GRANT AT WESTWARD HO! MR. ROGER WETHERED.



A GERMAN COMPETITOR IN THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. V. HANS SAMEK, OF HAMBURG (IN WHITE SPATS), BEATEN BY MR. CYRIL TOLLEY (LEFT) BY 4 AND 3.



THE HOLDER BEATEN: SIR E. HOLDERNES (LEFT) AND MR. J. I. CRUICKSHANK.



THE FAMOUS NORWEGIAN EXPLORER WHO LEFT SPITZBERGEN IN A FLYING BOAT FOR THE NORTH POLE: CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN (CENTRE) WITH HIS COMPANIONS, FENCHT (LEFT) AND LIEUT. RIISER-LARSEN.



THE OCCUPANTS OF THE OTHER FLYING-BOAT IN AMUNDSEN'S NORTH POLE VENTURE: (L. TO R.) MR. LINCOLN ELLSWORTH (AN AMERICAN ENGINEER), LIEUT. DIETRICHSEN, AND LIEUT. OMDHAL, IN FLYING KIT.

OUR first photograph shows the Rev. Thomas Carter in the Jewel House of the Tower of London, after placing three lilies (according to custom) at the spot where Henry VI. was murdered on May 21, 1471, on the anniversary of his death.—Princess Mary visited Colchester on May 23 and inspected the 2nd Royal Scots, of which regiment she is Colonel-in-Chief.—The Amateur Golf Championship, begun at

[Continued opposite]



CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN'S MACHINES FOR HIS NORTH POLE EXPEDITION, WHICH CAUSED ANXIETY THROUGH LACK OF NEWS: THE TWO FLYING-BOATS AT KING'S BAY, SPITZBERGEN.

[Continued.] Westward Ho! on May 25, produced several surprises, including the defeat of the holder, Sir Ernest Holderness, by Mr. J. I. Cruickshank, and that of Mr. Roger Wethered, an ex-champion, by Mr. Douglas Grant.—Up to May 26 no news had been received of Captain Roald Amundsen and his companions, who left Spitzbergen on May 21, in two flying-boats, for the North Pole. It was thought they might return on foot.



# PLAYED BEFORE 10,000 SPECTATORS: THE LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL AND CENTRAL PRESS.



WHERE THE RIVALS WERE ALL SQUARE AT THE END OF BOTH ROUNDS, BEFORE THE EXTRA DECIDING HOLE: MISS JOYCE WETHERED (WINNER AT THE 37TH) HOLING HER EIGHT-YARD PUTT ON THE 18TH GREEN—SHOWING THE BALL ON ITS WAY.



A NERVE-TESTING EXPERIENCE—PLAYING A CHAMPIONSHIP BEFORE SOME 10,000 SPECTATORS: PART OF THE HUGE "GALLERY" AT TROON WATCHING MISS LEITCH PUTTING ON THE 7TH GREEN.

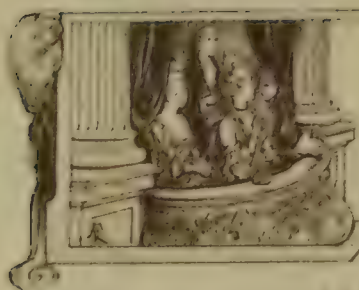


HEMMED IN BY A DOUBLE PHALANX OF SPECTATORS: MISS CECIL LEITCH DRIVING OFF AT THE THIRD TEE—MISS WETHERED (TO RIGHT) STANDING BY.

The final of the Ladies' Golf Championship, played at Troon on May 22 between the two leading women golfers, Miss Joyce Wethered and Miss Cecil Leitch, has been described as "one of the greatest of all matches, and a wonderful display of skill and courage by both parties." They were all-square at the eighteenth green at the end of the first round in the morning, and again on the same green (then the thirty-sixth) at the end of the second round in the afternoon. The match was then decided at an extra hole (the thirty-seventh). Both players drove off with magnificent shots. Miss Leitch did the hole in five, finishing with a putt

of nearly seven yards, and Miss Wethered was left with a putt of about six yards to win the hole in four and with it the championship. Amid intense excitement, she holed the ball, and thus became Lady Champion for the third time. Both she and Miss Leitch (also an ex-champion) were at the top of their form, and it was a "ding-dong" struggle all the time. In the afternoon there was a dense crowd of spectators, estimated at about 10,000. The course had to be cleared for every shot. The Amateur Championship, which was begun at Westward Ho! on May 25, will be illustrated in our next number.





# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



## AMERICAN METHODS IN LONDON.—A NEW OPERETTE STAR.

THE performance of that remarkable play, "Sun-Up," at the Vaudeville, in which Miss Lucie La Verne has made such a decisive hit, gives us much to think. There is no doubt about it; the American ways of acting are very different from ours. Frankly, we could hardly tolerate in our actors some of the methods of our visitors which we now accept and wonder at as something original and peculiar. Practically, we know only two standards of acting in our midst—natural acting of the new school and stilted acting of the older school. There may be ramifications, but these are the main canons; and let me add that even in the provinces the natural school is rapidly ousting the system of lingering and artifice.

But the American methods are many and wholly varied. We have had a taste of them all from the companies that have visited us in recent years. We have had the gentle, sympathetic method in sentimental plays; the catch-as-catch-can method in farce; the "hush-hush" method to create atmosphere in plays of mystery and murder; the out-of-breath method in which an agitated comedian galvanises his surroundings into a maelstrom; the mathematical method in which all the characters seem to move and bustle in a scheme devised by the producer, and the actor is but a unit in a well-ordered machine of vertiginous gyrations; and then there is still the aloof-tempestuous method, difficult to describe, but aiming at the utmost tranquillity of one central figure—mostly a woman—in contrast to the liveliness of others: a chiaroscuro effect, if I may term it so.

Now in "Sun-Up" a style of acting is seen which is entirely different from, if germane to, some of these methods. Irreverently, I would call it the "linger-longer-Lucy" method, from the tune of the old Gaiety days we all remember, and which exactly describes it. It would seem as if the producer had attuned all his artists to the tick-tack of the measure-beating metronome. "Above all, no zeal," as Talleyrand said, is the motto of this producer. "Remember that you impersonate country folk, living away from the world in archaic seclusion, indifferent to time and what happens in the wide world outside." So every word must be weighed once more before it glides—I

and a smoke, there is first a very measured filling of that pipe in silence; then leisurely a glance travels toward the incomer; another pause, then a word of welcome; another pause (pipe-filling proceeding) and a curt question: "Hast brought thy own baccy?" Again a pause; careful pocket-searching for a pouch;

license of "gobbling" words in the desire to be natural. The latter has led to protest, and is already being mended. But I would even prefer the faults of our present-day actors to the subservience to one man's will and way, which is in this and other American productions so obvious that it becomes obtrusive and stifling to the actors as well as the hearers.

It is recorded that some 5000 people foregathered in front of the theatre in Amsterdam when the little Dutch girl, Beppie de Vries, left for London to conquer a new world. To hear her describe the excitement and the vociferation of that Godspeed would astonish those Britons who still consider stolidity as a particularly Dutch characteristic. That is where the deception of appearances comes in. Within, the Hollander is as enthusiastic, as passionate, as sentimental as a Southerner—or a first-night Londoner—only he is taught that demonstration in the daily walk of life is bad form, perhaps imprudent; thus he harnesses his feelings until there is a suitable opportunity, and then, by gad, he lets go! So Beppie de Vries was heartened when she left for London, and she made up her mind that she would win at all cost. With her she brought three great qualities and prepossessions—a piquant personality as dainty as a Parisienne; a pair of eyes that light up the stage as in illumination, with a grace of manner betokening knowledge of the world as well as absence of shyness; last, but not least, a voice not big but melodious, and exceedingly well trained by the masters of Holland and Paris. Her success in "The Bamboula" was immediate. The eyes, the voice, the whole lively, spirited, *espiègle* little being fascinated the audience. Nor did her accent, which is rather of a Slavian tint without a trace of guttural Dutch, stand in her way; it rather added to her charm. At once it was clear that she was somebody—somebody welcome in the fold, destined to remain and to forge ahead. Her record, which covers all the kings of operette from Offenbach and Strauss (with one "s" as well as two) to Lehar, is stupendous for one so young. In her twenties she has filled what in former days would be the career of a lifetime. Already her name is uttered in the same breath as Lily Elsie



HEARD ON THE OPENING NIGHT AT COVENT GARDEN IN THE RÔLE WHICH CAPTIVATED LONDON LAST YEAR: MME. DELIA REINHARDT AS OCTAVIAN IN "DER ROSENKAVALIER."

The opera season at Covent Garden opened very auspiciously, on May 18, with Richard Strauss's "Rosenkavalier," the outstanding success of last year. The cast was largely the same, including Herr Mayr as Baron Ochs, with the three principal ladies, and the performance was first-rate. Mme. Delia Reinhardt was as charming as ever as the impulsive Octavian, especially in the love duet with Mme. Elizabeth Schumann. Mme. Reinhardt is a member of the Berlin Opera.

more filling; at length staccato conversation retarded by match-lighting, puffs of smoke, exchange of glances. And so it goes on all the while in almost every situation, until, as it were, the players get tired of this *festina lente* and rouse themselves to a rapidity of speech and action which would seem to be in defiance of the producer.

To some, this entirely new form seems impressive, and there is no gainsaying that in some scenes it is; but, on the whole, I call it anæsthetising. The constant deliberation, the slowness, is monotonous as well as depressing. And there is a great divergence of opinion as to the emotional effect. Some say that the play moved them to tears; others, I among them, admitted impression, but no emotion. I felt all the time that this is not as people would act in reality. Except the mother, who towers in great scenes by her talent and *savoir faire*, all the other players, capitally drilled though they are, seem to lose their individuality. They are under the sway of drill; unseen, the helmsman stands, and he has regulated his mannequins as minutely as clockwork. In my mind I saw the manuscript of the producer with such careful and elaborate annotations as in the works of Shaw, betokening that the master-mind saw every detail and would enforce them all. But there is this difference between Shaw's directions and the American producer's: the former sees "business" humanly, the other mechanically. Shaw vitalises his characters; the American producer, who may oppose his views to the intentions of the author, stereotypes them. The result is undoubtedly a perfectly synchronised picture, but also a certain absence of spontaneity, which to me bereaves the play of its sap and life.

No doubt the average spectator will admire this method, but I, for one, should grieve to find it adopted on our stage. It is the triumph of English acting that it has gradually in the last twenty years broken away from the trammels of staginess and convention. This has led to freedom, and, to a certain extent, to the



EXCELLENT IN THE HUNDREDTH PERFORMANCE OF WAGNER'S "TRISTAN UND ISOLDE," AT COVENT GARDEN: MME. GERTRUD KAPPEL AS ISOLDE.

Mme. Kappel, of the Vienna Opera, made her début at Covent Garden in 1912. The performance of "Tristan" on May 19 was the hundredth given there. The first was in 1892.

Photograph by the "Times."

and Evelyn Laye, and at least three managers are urging her to take the lead in the autumn. Not a bad achievement for a little Dutch girl of whom a month or two ago one had never heard!

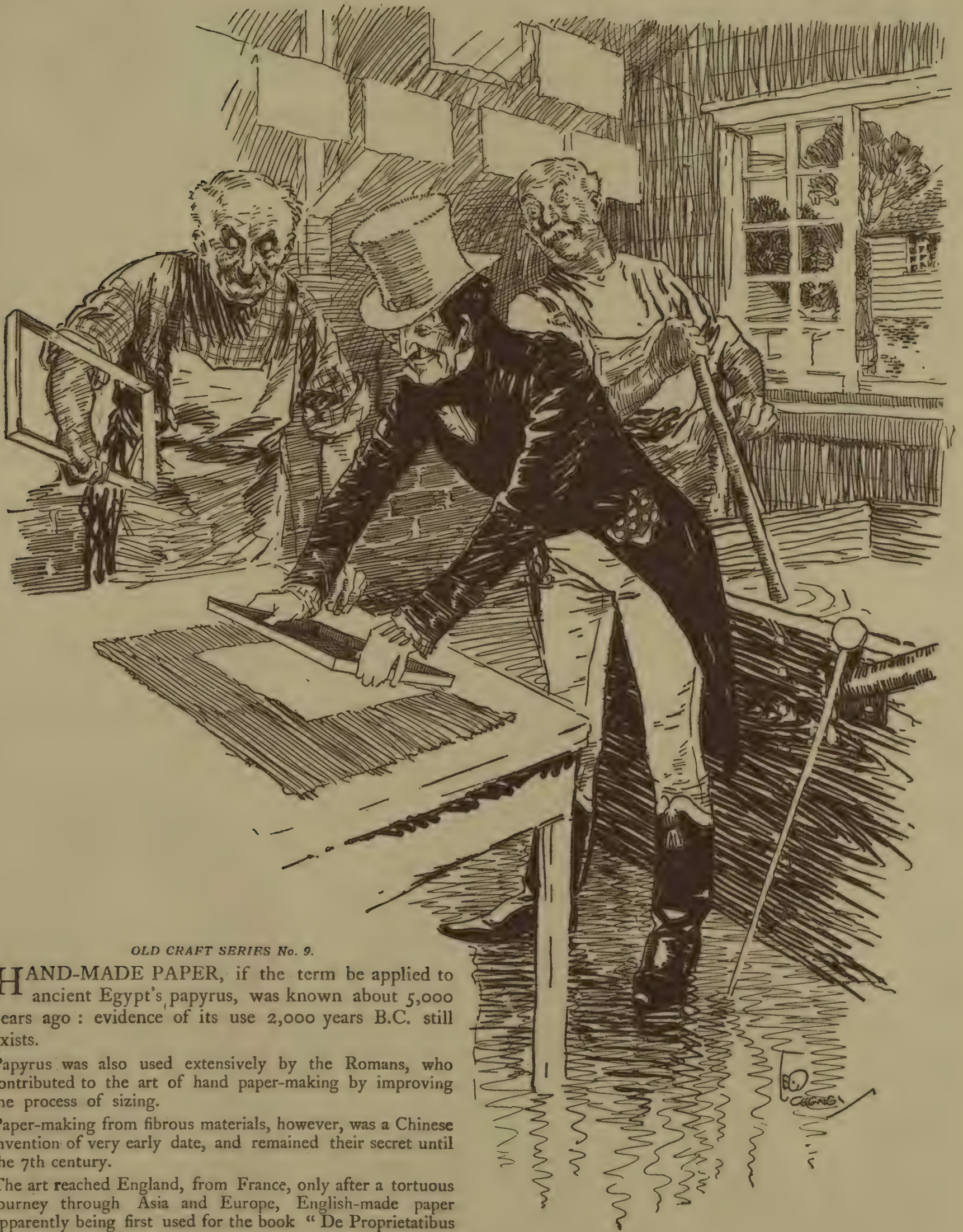


UNSURPASSED IN HER RENDERING OF THE WATCH-TOWER SONGS IN "TRISTAN UND ISOLDE," AT COVENT GARDEN: MME. MARIA OLCZEWSKA AS BRANGÄNE. Mme. Olczewska, who made a notable success in London last year, is one of the youngest principals of the Vienna Opera, which she joined in 1921. She is a Bavarian.

Photograph by the "Times."

cannot call it "falls"—from the lips. Every action must be measured; pauses should intersperse it and regulate movement as by pendulum. If, for instance, the old woman stops her pipe and a guest enters for a pow-wow



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# THE WORLD OF WOMEN



A useful little "Dutch" frock of almond delainette piped with gaily coloured ribbons on white. It hails from Gamage's, Holborn, E.C. (See page 1080.)

THE Queen looked a little white and tired at the great Flower Show, but in no wise slackened her interest or spared exertion in seeing the beautiful exhibits, and in praising the growers and the arrangement of the Show generally. Her Majesty sent for Lady Aberconway and warmly congratulated her on the exhibit shown by her and her daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Henry M'Laren, from Bodnant, Denbighshire. Our Queen is truly a wonder of consideration and kindness, and is also a very beautiful lady. Her dress for her visit to the Flower Show was of mastic-coloured crêpe, with a long coat over it of similar delicate shade. A small round hat of hydrangea-blue tulle was worn, having little blue flowers and pink berries on the upturned brim. The Queen carried, but did not use, a hydrangea-blue silk *en-tout-cas*.

The King looked very well, and seemed in excellent spirits as he made the tour of the Show with Lord Lambourne, who was looking well, and wearing in his buttonhole the sprig of myrtle which, since Lady Lambourne's death, has replaced the bright red carnation that he used to wear. He took Princess Mary round on Friday, and later her Royal Highness and Viscount Lascelles visited him at Bishops Hall, Romford, a very lovely place. The King and Queen have had a busy time, and will be glad of a rest at Windsor, where they will go instead of to Aldershot, to the great disappointment of the Camp, but the Whitsuntide visit there this year had to be abandoned owing to changes caused by the King's trip in his yacht. Prince Olaf of Norway has been with his uncle, the King, and is a fine young man, and a great favourite by reason of his happy, genial nature and complete absence of "frills."

The Grand Opera Season has "caught on" very successfully. There is a diminution of brilliance

owing to the fact that head jewellery is not worn. So many feminine heads are shingled or bobbed that the wearing of tiaras would be a matter of difficulty, although we have seen it surmounted on State occasions. The opera house when full presents a striking scene, and no men are to be seen in lounge suits or tweeds, while the women are, without exception, in evening dress. For the operas and their interpretation criticism will be found in the right place. For oneself, one can only express unalloyed joy in hearing again glorious works like "Tristan" and "The Flying Dutchman," and "The Rose Cavalier." One hears that we owe this joy to music-loving members of a family wealthy through a great British industry, and so one feels grateful in two ways.

The Flower Show attracted almost everyone to the beautiful Chelsea grounds. Mr. Austen Chamberlain and his tall, good-looking wife—who, I noticed, is wearing tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses—were very keen over all the flowers. Mr. Chamberlain is an enthusiastic gardener. He is much less exotic in his taste for flowers than was his distinguished father, and, again unlike him, is fond of exercise, and takes it digging and delving among favourite plants. Mrs. Chamberlain was wearing a long navy-blue coat and skirt over a long loose waistcoat of white chiffon, and a large black hat, at one side of which were some white gardenias. Sir William Joynson-Hicks is another flower-lover, a taste shared by his wife, who has a charming manner: when I saw her at the Flower Show she was all in brown, and with her was another lady, tall and stately, clad in bright foliage-green, so that they looked like a tree and its foliage. The Countess of Oxford and Asquith was wearing one of the perfectly straight long coats which show no



A practical jumper suit of spun silk designed by Gamage's, the well-known sports outfitters. (See page 1080.)

skirt, of a mixture of woven silk in beige and dull pink, and a small French felt hat in a soft shade of dull crimson. Many friends congratulated her on her book, but her thoughts for the time being seemed to dwell on music, which her son has taken to with great enthusiasm. The keeping of the Chelsea Show open for a week enabled very many more people to see it than when it was a three-day affair, and many went again and again. A pair who did it very thoroughly, and sometimes with their gardener, was the Hon. Sir John and Lady Ward. She was always, as it is her wont to be, beautifully turned out. A black-and-white printed foulard dress with malachite-green buttons and belt was one charming dress, worn with a green hat. Another was dull gold chiffon with a deep-gold hem, and worn with a large black hat. Lady Ward has the pleasure of her mother's company, as Mrs. Whitelaw Reid is over on a long visit. Her grandsons are growing up. The elder, Mr. Edward John Ward, who had King Edward as godfather, is in his sixteenth year; and the younger, Master Alexander Ward, a godson of Queen Alexandra's, is in his eleventh year.

The wife of the new American Ambassador, Mrs. Houghton, is a very attractive-looking lady, and has the magnetic manner which makes everyone think that she is really pleased to meet them. Crewe House does not look like an ambassadorial residence, but the interior is delightful, and suitable for entertaining on a moderate scale. It is rather a puzzle that so great and so wealthy a country as America has not a fine house in London for its representative here. The Chancellery is, of course, elsewhere, but the Ambassador has to keep up and pay for his residence, and is expected to entertain largely, and the salary for the position is, I am told, not munificent. That eminent man, the late Mr. Walter Page, greatly deplored not having a residence in London large enough for the social business of his important office. Crewe

House is, of course, large, but expensive to keep up for its size. Now that there is an unmarried daughter at the Embassy, there will doubtless be dances. Miss Houghton (pronounced, I am told, "Hawton") is a very attractive girl, and also, those who know her say, a very nice one.

A. E. L.



A trio of simple bathing suits which may be studied at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, W. They are of stocknettle trimmed with contrasting colours. (See page 1080.)





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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

## THE ROYAL OPERA SEASON, COVENT GARDEN.

AS I am writing, the opera season at Covent Garden has only just begun, but the fact that people were offering £10 for a seat at the performance of "Der Rosenkavalier" on the opening night is some indication of the effect of last year's propaganda in the Press, when every musical critic of reputation wrote in the warmest terms of Mr. Bruno Walter and his associates' remarkably fine performance of Strauss's operatic masterpiece. It is already evident that the present season will be a great social success, for on the first two nights the scene rivalled in splendour, according to older habitués, the most magnificent days of its past. To go to the opera in a dinner jacket has already become a mark of the most reckless indifference to appearances, and makes its wearer quite conspicuous.

The performance of "Tristan und Isolde" on the second night was chiefly remarkable for the beautiful singing of Gertrud Kappel as Isolde. I have no doubt that many people will object to this fine singer's performance as lacking in power. Certainly Mme. Kappel held herself back too deliberately in the death scene, and never once let herself go with the full expressive vigour which that closing scene demands, so that the conclusion missed the culminating thrill which we have a right to expect from an Isolde at that moment, since there can be no doubt that to give us merely lyrical singing in this scene is to miss Wagner's intention. On the other hand, it is a rare pleasure to hear an Isolde who sings, and does not merely declaim. Mme. Kappel gave us some really exquisite *mezza voce* singing in the second act; and most musicians, I fancy, would forgo the thrill in the last act—if necessary—for a polished musical phrasing and lyrical perfection in the wonderful duet in the second act. Those in whom the dramatic sense overshadows the musical sensibility will be all for a more primitive, impassioned Isolde than Mme. Kappel, and they will therefore find Mme. Frida Leider, who will probably sing the part later in the season, more to their taste. There is a great deal to be said for both, and, of course, the perfect Isolde would

combine dramatic power and lyrical perfection, although it is almost asking too much of the human voice. The Tristan of Mr. Laurenz Hofer was a disappointing performance. Vocally Mr. Hofer is a

mediocre German tenor who was quite incapable of rising to Mme. Kappel's level during the second act. As an actor, too, he is deficient in grace and variety of gesture, and his vigour in the last act was not as impressive as it might have been. The race of tenors, however, seems to be almost extinct, for the Lohengrin of Mr. Fritz Perron on the following night was also disappointing, although his appearance and his gestures were not without a certain dignity, and he sang with considerable intelligence. Here again, however, the soprano was on a higher level vocally, for the Elsa of Mme. Lotte Lehmann was a quite beautiful performance. Mme. Lehmann has a voice of very appealing quality, and in her first scene in Act I., and in the duet with Ortrud in the second act, she gave a really moving rendering of the part. With Mme. Lehmann we must put Mme. Olczewska, whose Ortrud stood out above all the rest of the cast as a remarkably telling performance.

The management is to be congratulated on the revival of "Lohengrin," which is far the finest of Wagner's early operas. It has moments of exquisite freshness and lyrical beauty that he was never to surpass in his later works. We may be bored nowadays by the spectacular parades which are so lavishly presented throughout the opera, and the incessant fanfares of trumpets may get on our nerves; but the Grail music is as lovely and as original as when it was first written, and the whole of the first half of the second act is magnificent music, ranging over almost the whole gamut of expression, from tender lyricism to dramatic violence, and foreshadowing the music of "The Ring." It is also interesting historically to see the Italian influence still powerful with Wagner in this opera. In the first act, Elsa's first scene is in the new Wagner manner, but her second is thoroughly Italianate, and there are orchestral passages that to-day sound like early Verdi.

It is also curious to notice that, sound as was Wagner's dramatic instinct, he has really muddled the conclusion of "Lohengrin" and lost a great opportunity. The opera should undoubtedly close with Lohengrin's final address to the swan which comes to bear him away. The restoration of the

[Continued overleaf.]



AN ACADEMY PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS SINGER RECENTLY HEARD AT THE ALBERT HALL: "JOHN MCCORMACK, ESQ.," BY AMBROSE McEVOY, A.R.A. Mr. John McCormack, the famous tenor, gave a song recital at the Albert Hall on Sunday, May 24, supported by Mr. Lauri Kennedy, the well-known 'cellist. Mr. McCormack is an Irishman by birth—he was born at Athlone in 1885—and in 1919 was naturalised in the United States. He studied singing at Milan, under Signor Sabatini.

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The quiet, country lane where Lucas Bols built his distillery in 1575 had become the Rozengracht in Amsterdam by 1675.

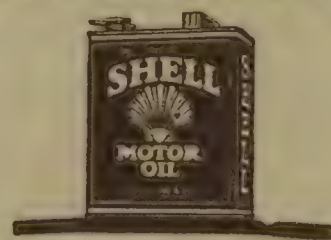
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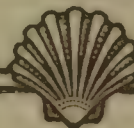
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# DEWAR'S



(Continued.)

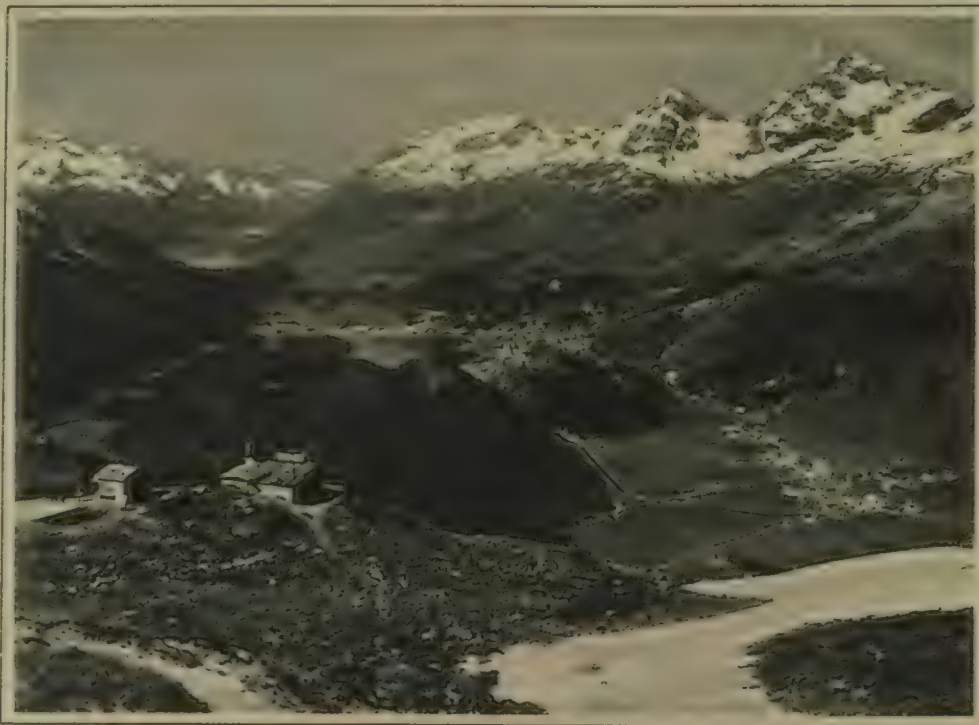
brother to Elsa is an excrescence which is not essential to the opera, and which completely spoils the final scene. Lohengrin should have departed mysteriously as he came, and the curtain should fall as he is addressing the swan. He should not have looked or turned to Elsa again. Then the mysterious, supernatural quality of Lohengrin's personality would have remained with us, dominating the opera of which it is the musical essence. It is curious that the human "operatic" side of Wagner's personality should have intruded here and spoilt his inspiration; but at this distance in time it is becoming more and more clear that it was when Wagner was inspired and acting from instinct that he did his best work; and he was never more inspired than when he conceived the character and the music of "Lohengrin," and the music associated with the swan and the Holy Grail in this early opera.

We have only to compare "Lohengrin" with "Parsifal" to realise that although, as he ripened with age and experience, Wagner gained enormously in virtuosity, in cunning—for his hand never lost its cunning with age, although he was well over sixty when he composed "Parsifal"—yet he did lose something very valuable. It was not merely freshness, although that is a precious quality which "Lohengrin" has, but "Parsifal" lacks. However, as against freshness we can put ripeness, and consider ourselves compensated. There is, however, another quality for the loss of which we can be offered, in my opinion, no compensation, and that is a sort of spirituality very difficult to describe and impossible to define. To my mind, "Parsifal" completely lacks this; it is theatrical religious music contrived with all the cunning of one of the greatest musical geniuses the world has ever known, but essentially, I believe, tawdry, meretricious, and insincere. We have all,

at one time or another, entered one of those rather vulgarly ornate churches in which the decoration, although of an outwardly religious semblance, is gaudy, tawdry, and ostentatious, in spite of its magnificence. Well, to me, that is how the music of "Parsifal" always sounds. It misses the beauty, clarity, and ethereal transparency of "Lohengrin."

"Parsifal," we can see the Wagner who was a great artist, a man with a mission, a man divinely inspired.  
W. J. TURNER.

Now that the holiday season is upon us, and the important question where to go has to be decided, it is beyond doubt that thousands of votes will be cast in favour of Switzerland. It is the historic playground of Europe, unrivalled for beauty and grandeur of scenery, variety of amusements, ease of travelling, and excellence of accommodation. The Swiss Federal Railways, with their many ramifications and well-organised services, carry the tourist with comfort and rapidity to all parts of this wonderland of pleasure. At the south-eastern end of Switzerland lies the alluring district of the Upper Engadine, a typical view of which is given in the photograph on this page. This region, which includes St. Moritz and Pontresina, has long been a favourite holiday haunt, and possesses as great an attraction in summer as it does to the devotees of winter sport at that season. But the Engadine is only one section of a country that abounds in the beauties of mountain, lake, and forest—a veritable paradise. In the south, for example, is the range of the great peaks beloved of the mountaineer—Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, and Monte Rosa. In the heart of Switzerland lies the Bernese Oberland, with the Jungfrau and the Lakes of Thun and Brienz; further to the north there is the lovely Lake of Lucerne, with



STILL THE PLAYGROUND OF EUROPE: SWITZERLAND—A GLORIOUS VIEW OF MOUNTAIN, LAKE, AND FOREST IN THE UPPER ENGADINE, WITH AN IRRESISTIBLE APPEAL TO THE HOLIDAY-MAKER.

After all, a man cannot live the life that Wagner lived (a life of extraordinary machiavellian intrigue and manipulation!) without its leaving some impress upon his character, and I think that in "Parsifal" the defects of Wagner's character are embodied for us in music. In "Parsifal" we can discover Wagner the musical genius and Wagner the man. In "Lohengrin," and all the operas between "Lohengrin" and

the Rigi and Pilatus for the less ambitious climbers; and, in the west, there is the Lake of Geneva, with all its pleasant shore towns—Lausanne, Vevey, Montreux, and Chillon's old castle immortalised by Byron. Those contemplating a holiday in Switzerland would be well advised to apply to the London office of the Swiss Federal Railways, Carlton House, 11B, Regent Street, S.W.1, for particulars of their arrangements.

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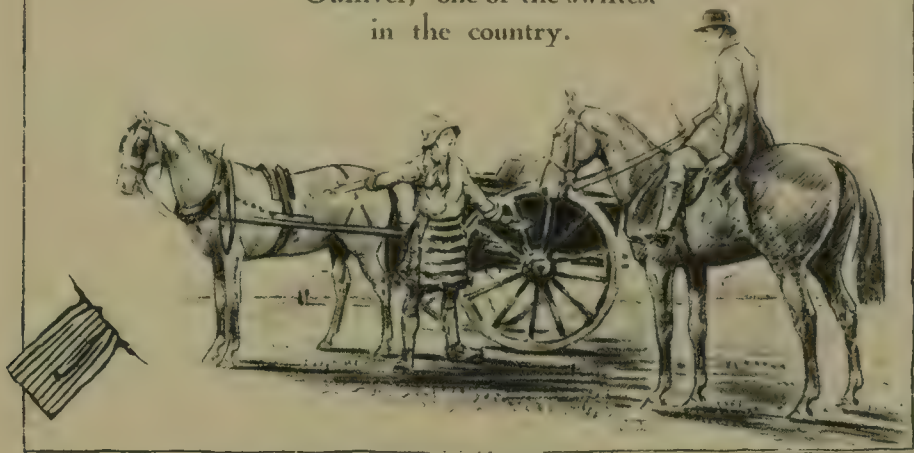
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### Sports Frocks and Wraps.

The tennis season is in full swing, and never before have frocks and wraps been more attractive. The newest sports fashions are always to be seen at Gamage's, Holborn, E.C., where were sketched the

frocks pictured on page 1074. On the right is a jumper suit built of spun silk. The skirt is mounted on a silk "cami-top," and can be worn with many different



Fitted with every accessory for a delightful picnic in the open is this neat wicker tea-basket, obtainable at Mappin and Webb's.

jumpers. The price is 16s. 9d., and that of the jumper 12s. 11d. The useful little Dutch frock on the left is carried out in almond delainette faced with white and striped with coloured ribbons. It is one of many variations which are obtainable for 29s. 6d. each. Then a new tennis wrap is an ingenious affair in wool, fastening with one button, shaped at the back like a sleeveless cardigan, a long scarf collar forming the front. The price of this is £1 1s. A splendid investment is a tennis frock of heavy schappe silk, box-pleated to allow complete freedom of movement, available for 25s. 6d. Another in spun silk can be secured for 14s. 9d. Outfits for every sport are illustrated in the new catalogue, "Specially for Sportswomen," issued by this firm, and on application from readers of this paper it will be sent gratis and post free.

### For Picnic Lunches and Teas.

Every week-end heralds more and more cars on the road bent on pleasure expeditions, and pictured here are some indispensable accessories for picnics in the heart of the country. They hail from Mappin and Webb, 158, Oxford Street, W. On the extreme left is a luxurious luncheon and tea case. Absolutely dust-proof, it is completed with plated fittings and stainless steel cutlery. Another luncheon case for four, slightly less elaborate, containing nickel fittings and a copper kettle, can be obtained for £8 8s. The tea-basket in the centre costs only £3 15s., and a similar affair equipped for lunch is the same price. All sportsmen will appreciate the compact luncheon case of solid leather below, containing a nickel sandwich case, glass for whisky, flask, tumblers, Perrier water, etc. It will change ownership for £5 5s., and will stand years of strenuous usage. It must be noted that this firm are holding an interesting display of household plate and silver throughout June in these salons, and at 172, Regent Street, W., and 2, Queen Victoria



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Honorary Secretary.

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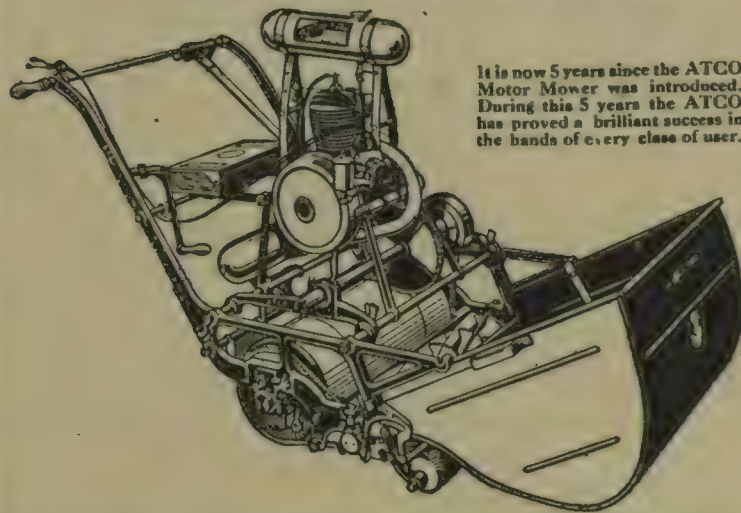
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A Good American "Six." During last week-end I had a Studebaker "Standard Six" placed at my disposal for test. To me the principal interest of this car lies in the fact that it is equipped with the new hydraulic braking system



A CAR THAT HAS MADE WORLD'S SPEED RECORDS: A STANDARD 45-H.P. RENAULT.

This standard 45-h.p. Renault was taken from stock and driven to the Montlhéry track, near Paris, where it established world's speed records in its class. It covered 500 miles at an average speed of 103.6 m.p.h.

which is becoming popular on the other side of the Atlantic. Not that the car is otherwise uninteresting. As a fact, it is quite the reverse, since I regard it as one of the soundest cars of its kind which come to us from the United States. Like most of the Americans, it depends for its performance on a big engine rather than seeking for maximum efficiency from a motor of small dimensions. Were it not for our present stupid and restrictive method of assessing taxation, I should say that for practical purposes, and bearing in mind the large numbers of people who are coming into motoring with no mechanical knowledge and no experience of cars, the American idea is nearer right than our own. As it is, however, although it is a good thing to have a car with such a big reserve of power that a falling-off in efficiency of 25 per cent.

may make no appreciable difference to actual road performance, the British system of taxation makes it prohibitive to most to take advantage of the cars I have in mind. This Studebaker, for example, is taxed at no less than £28 per annum, which means that, taking a line through the average use which is made of a privately owned car, we get a basic tax of just about 1½d. per mile. If we do not use the car at all, we are mulct in 10s. a week for the mere privilege of owning it. However, all this has nothing to do with Studebaker performance. As might be expected, I found the "Standard Six" to possess ample power for every reasonable requirement. I could not describe the car as fast. Indeed, it is not a fast car; but the average speed which can be maintained over a long run is surprising. Well over thirty miles an hour on a long run is the easiest thing in the world to keep up, without having to press the car unduly. Hill-climbing capacity is simply wonderful. I did not try any freak hills. To my mind they tell one nothing. What I like to judge a car upon is its performance over the ordinary roads which are used by tourists; freak hills with gradients of one in something wicked are all right as eliminating factors in reliability trials and that sort of thing. I am satisfied that there

is no main-road hill in the immediate neighbourhood of London, save possibly Westerham, which the Studebaker will not climb at a high speed on "top." Being geared on the low side, the acceleration is wonderfully good. The motor runs very smoothly and with an absence of that rough feeling which I have found characteristic of a certain type of American car. At no revolution speed could I discern any trace of periodic vibration. The body is well finished and very comfortable, though, talking about comfort, I think the car would be better if it were fitted with shock-absorbers. The springing is very good—a little too good, if possible—but requires snubbers of some kind to check the pitching which is apt to develop on bus-frequented roads, where the surface has been pushed up by heavy traffic

into waves. The hydraulic brakes are wonderful. When I took over the car, which was a new one, they seemed to be rather on the harsh side. Instead of coming on gradually, nothing seemed to happen until they suddenly bit and pulled up the car all standing. After a few miles' running they got considerably better, and by the end of the trial they were as nearly perfect in action as brakes can be. Indeed, I could wax enthusiastic over hydraulic brakes; but I must leave the car now with an expression of opinion

(Continued overleaf.)



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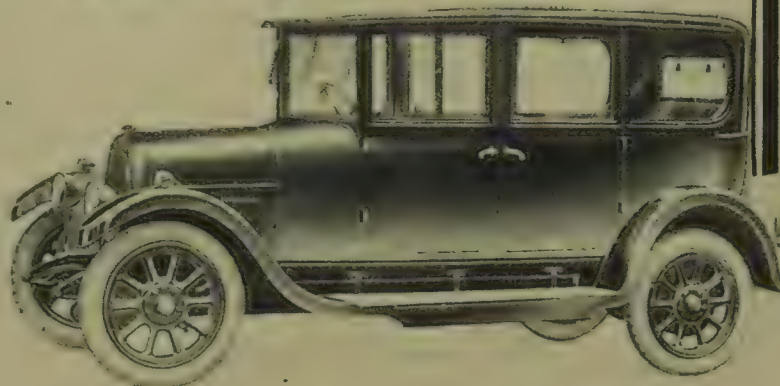
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*(Continued.)*

that here in the Studebaker we have a car which is not only excellent value for money, but one of sterling construction, sound design, excellent performance, and at least one outstanding merit in the shape of very perfect brakes.

#### Back to the Petrol Tax?

The discussion on the

proposed silk duties has, if it has done nothing else, knocked the bottom out of the official argument that it is impossible to reimpose the petrol tax because of the complication and difficulty of working the machinery for its collection. One of the principal points raised officially was that of the great difficulty of defining exactly what constitutes dutiable motor spirit. It was argued that all sorts of evasions would be practised. Therefore, said officialdom, we will have none of a tax on fuel, but will levy a flat rate of taxation per horse-power. Times without number it has been represented that this is a totally unfair method of taxing a road-using community; but the invariable answer is that there is no other possible or practicable way of doing it, because of the difficulties I have referred to above.

It has emerged that the silk tax bears a close analogy to the fuel tax. It is proposed to tax silk itself—as petrol would be.

It is also proposed to levy the tax on all materials into which silk is introduced. Surely a very troublesome affair. In fact, the matter of defining "motor

it is that everybody who manufactures, sells, or even uses silk in any form at all should be taxed at a flat rate irrespective of the amount of silk used or sold. It would be delightfully simple—as simple as the horse-power tax—and the precedent is there. But the matter—or rather the motorist—is different.—W. W.



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spirit" seems child's play in comparison. If I may be allowed to make a suggestion to Mr. Churchill,

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## MR. JAMES D. SYMON.

MR. JAMES DAVID SYMON was born on Oct. 8, 1867, in Aberdeen. His schooling, first privately, then at Mr. Walker's Academy, was throughout a training in the academic traditions of his native city. He was reared a scholar, and remained one all his life. Delicate health delayed until 1888 his entering the University of Aberdeen, where he graduated with Honours four years later, being Seaford Gold Medallist in English. Thus he was older than most men of his year when he went on to Oxford with a Scholarship at Oriel. Partly that may have been why he did not finish his course there, but came down in 1894. Leaving Balliol at the same time was G. D. Brown, who later wrote "The House with the Green Shutters"; and the two Scots, acquaintances already at Oxford, lived in rooms together now in London, looking to literature for a career.

The immediate occasion of Symon's settling in London was an offer of work from Sir William Ingram, of this journal. At the suggestion of his fellow townsman, Dr. J. M. Bulloch, then on the editorial staff of *The Illustrated London News*, the Oriel scholar had submitted an article on the Provost's bull-dog, known as "Oriel Bill," and this was printed in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, which Sir William then owned. The journalistic connection thus formed was immediately strengthened, and it was never broken. Symon's editorial duties on the *Magazine* were followed in 1898 by those of Assistant Editor of *The Illustrated London News*, a post he held until 1908, when he resigned it on medical advice. From that time he was a regular contributor to this paper, and he became responsible for the "Books of the Day" page in July 1921.

This breakdown in health, which checked his journalistic career and prevented its complete re-adoption, directed him to more purely literary pursuits. In 1909 he published through Mr. William Heinemann his first novel, "Syrinx," under the pen-name of "Laurence North" employed by him for all or nearly all his fiction. Although less popular than its successors, "Impatient Griselda" and "The

Golightlys, Father and Son"—exercises of his lighter and more playful pen—"Syrinx" had a special temperamental quality which the others did not display, and instantly attracted attention. Particularly charming in the fiction mode were several of his contributions



ASSOCIATED WITH "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" FOR MANY YEARS, AND THE WRITER OF OUR "BOOKS OF THE DAY" PAGE SINCE 1921: THE LATE MR. J. D. SYMON.

to the *Windsor Magazine*, in which also was printed, above his own name, a good deal of verse. The activities of Fleet Street, from which he had reluctantly

cut himself off by residence out of town, engaged his interest still in a volume, "The Press and Its Story." In another, written in collaboration with Mr. S. L. Bensusan, on "The Renaissance and Its Makers," his scholarship was happily employed. A little book on Ruskin and one which he edited of the Early Poems of Christina Rossetti illustrated further the wide range of his studies. But his most important published work was his "Byron in Perspective," issued by Mr. Martin Secker last year during the Byron Centenary celebrations. Undertaken at short notice and carried out at high pressure, which may have overstrained its author's delicate constitution, it is regarded by many as the most vital contribution to the literature of that event. Apart from the sanity of its general estimate, and the discretion of its treatment of questions presented to all Byron's biographers, the volume has the particular value of relating the poet with Aberdeen in a way never before attempted, and thus of illuminating his life and work by reference to his early associations. Mr. Symon not only threw new light on the facts by his researches, but also made a valuable new critical point by his suggestion of the influence of early local phonetics on the music of the poet's verse.

The quiet authority with which this book displays the ripeness of his reading and knowledge is characteristic of its author, and no less so is the fact that he expended these on a theme with native associations for himself. Symon's devotion to his Alma Mater was like his faithfulness in work and friendship; it counted nothing of reward. Much of his journalism was anonymous, in the literary weeklies and reviews; and in all of it, unsigned as signed, he observed his own scholarly demand for exact knowledge and a craftsman's jealousy for finish of style. There was a charming sly humour in his pen which reflected the acuteness with which he observed life and letters from the happy retreat of his home and study, and his gusto in their contemplation. For he was no recluse. And when, in the more strenuous activities of his profession, he could be "no player," he was always "a well-wisher of the game."

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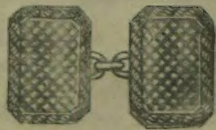
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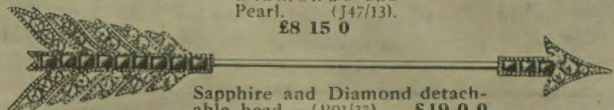
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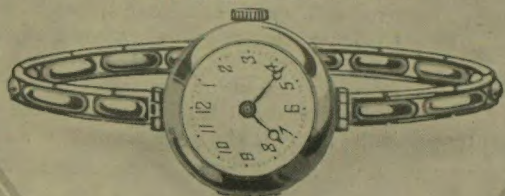
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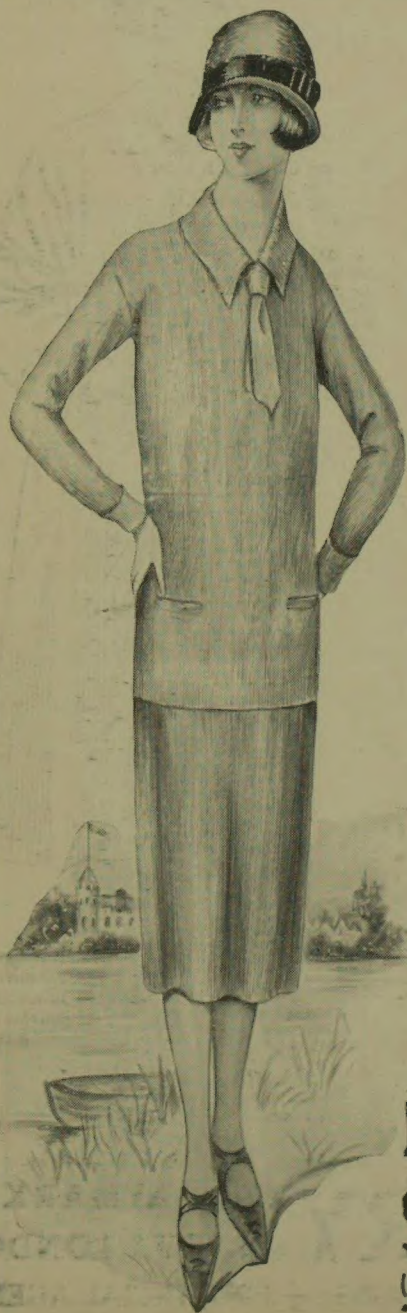
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PRICE OF JUMPER 79/6

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SPUN SILK JUMPER, in same style in white, yellow, pale rose, tan, silver, camel, saxe, reseda, helio and black.

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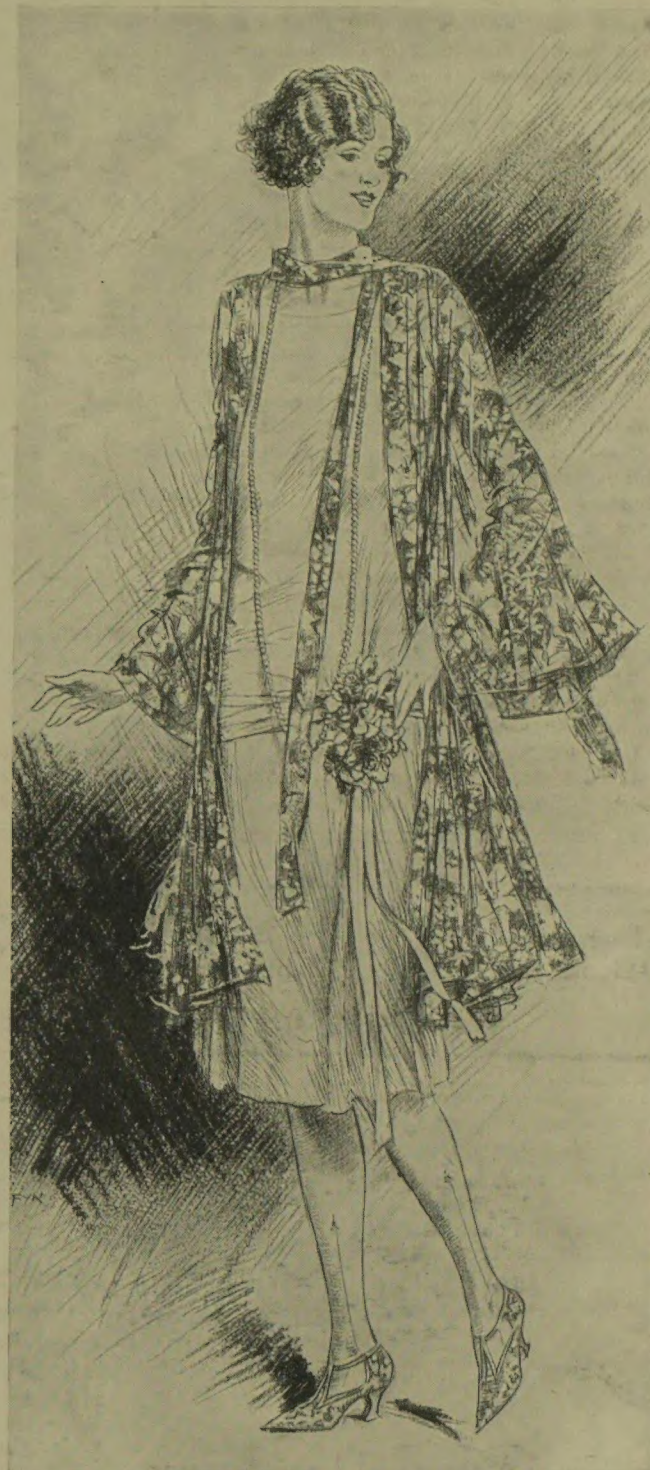
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BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY  
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Jay's Illustrated Brochure, "FASHIONS FROM PARIS," post free on request.

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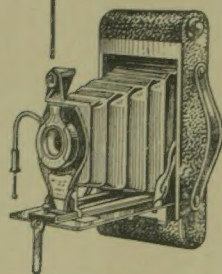
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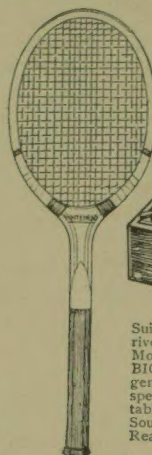
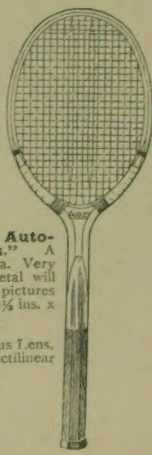
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## MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S SPORTS HALL

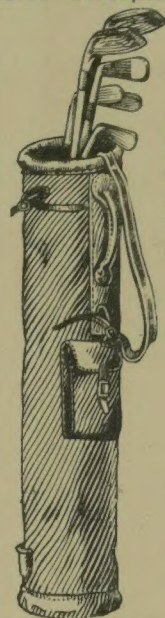


Nos. 2 and 2a folding Auto-graphic "Brownies." A strong and efficient camera. Very light, being made of metal will stand hard usage. Takes pictures 2 1/4 ins. x 3 1/4 ins. (No. 2), 2 1/4 ins. x 4 1/4 ins. (No. 2a). Prices—  
No. 2. No. 2a.  
£2 2 0 £2 7 6 Meniscus Lens.  
2 12 6 2 17 6 Rpd. Rectilinear



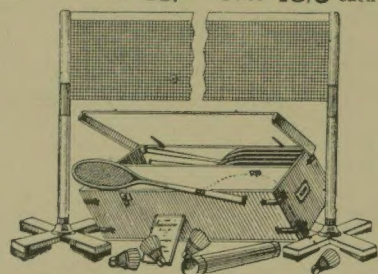
Suitable for Tennis Club Dances and Up-river parties. The "Ionia" Portable Model No. 12. The little fellow with the BIG VOICE. The motors used are the genuine Thorens, with helical gears, top speed regulator and push-covered turntables, bound with plated rim. "Magnet" Sound Boxes. Will play 12 in. records. Ready to play when lid is raised.

Model A—£2 12 6. Leatherette covered. Weight 9 lbs. Model B—£2 15 6. Solid Oak Polished. Weight 10 lbs. Model E—£4 7 6. Solid Leather. Double spring worm drive motor.



**The "Audley"**  
The frame is made of the best English rent ash, hexagon shape and bound shoulders and is guaranteed to be strung with English red and white gut with double centre mains. A splendid medium priced racket. Price 45/-

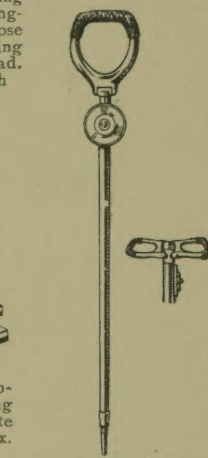
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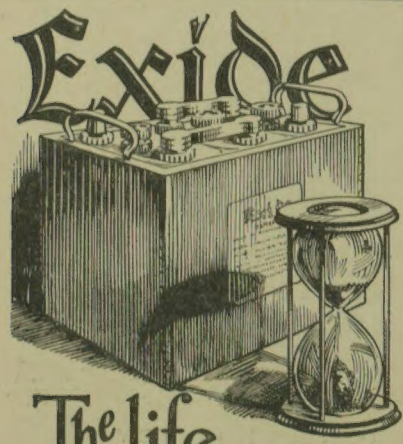
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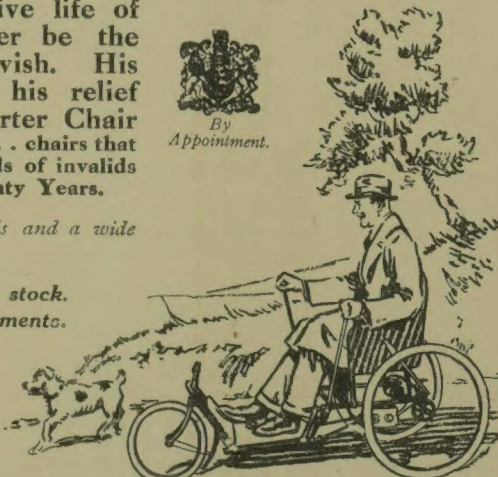
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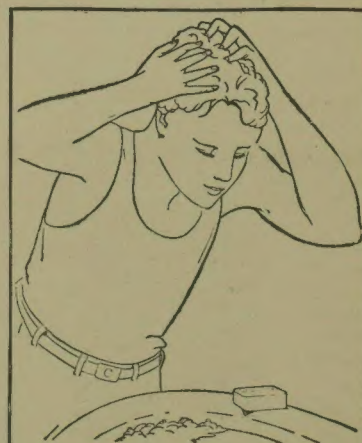
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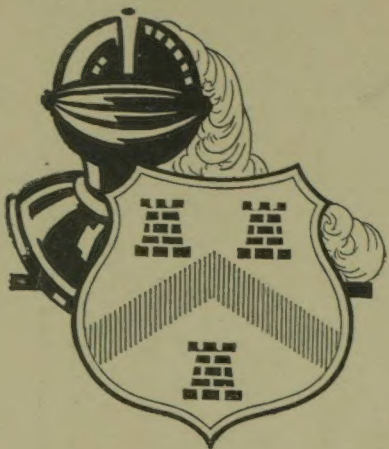


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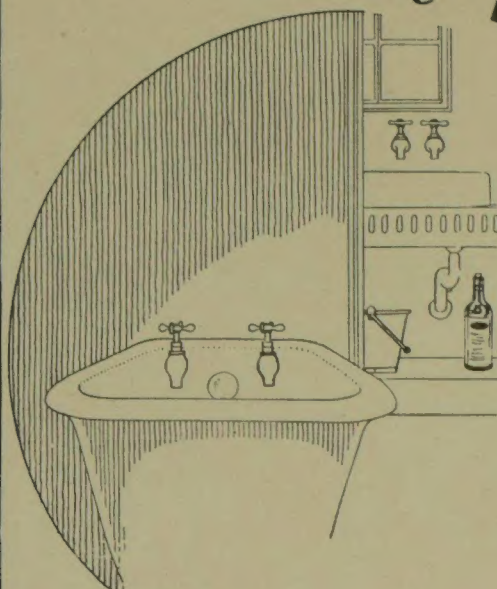
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10's carton 8<sup>d</sup>  
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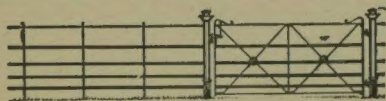
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